Beaver & Gephart

Bellefonte Republican.

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Established in 1869.} "Let Us See To it that A Government of the People, for the People and by the People, Shall Not perish from the Earth."—A. LINCOLN. Terms: $1.50 per Year

Tariff Pictures.

Our exports keep on growing under this "strangling" McKinley tariff. In the first two months of 1891 they amounted to $167,506,308.

In the first two months of 1892 they rose to $187,777,433.

According to the free trade "World Almanac" the savings banks deposits of Great Britain amount to $536,000,000.

while those of New York State alone amount to $550,000,000.

and the whole United States to $1,524,844,506.

In 1891, during January, the exports of manufactures of wood from the United States to Cuba amounted in value to $18,741.

In 1892, under Republican reciprocity, during the corresponding month, our exports of such articles to that country amounted in value to $42,749.

This increase of $24,008, *or* 128 *per cent., was caused by Republican reciprocity.*

Our manufactures amount to $8,600,000,000.

while those of Great Britain amount to only $4,250,000,000.

or about half as much. Why exchange the American system for the English?

In 1891, during January the exports of cotton seed oil from the United States to Brazil amounted in value to $201.

In 1892, under Republican reciprocity, during the corresponding month, our exports of that article to that country amonted in value to $2.863.

This increase of $2,662, *or* 1323. *per cent., was caused by Republican Reciprocity.*

Eight months of the fiscal year have passed since the McKinley bill went into complete operation, tin plate clause and all. In the eight months of 1890 immediately preceding the enactment of the McKinley bill on October 1 we should have exported much more, according to the free trade shriekers, than we are now doing, for, they say, "if you do not buy you cannot sell," and importers were importing an extra supply of everything in anticipation of the passage of the bill. Yet in the eight months before the McKinley bill we exported only $496,521,665.

and in the eight months since the tin plate duty went into effect we have exported $737,901,628.

In 1891, during January, the exports of hops from the United States amounted in value to $168,307.

In 1892, during the corresponding month after the benefits of Republican protection had begun to be felt, our exports of hops amounted in value to $358,264.

This increase of $189,957.

or 113 *per cent., was due to Republican protection.*

In 1891, during the ten months ending January 31," as to Brazil, and the five months ending on the same date as to Cuba, Porto Rico and San Domingo, the exports of the United States to those countries amounted in value to $18,768,706.

In 1892, when the benefits of Republican reciprocity had begun to be felt, during the corresponding periods, our exports to those countries amounted in value to $22,561,467.

This increase of $3,792,761.

was caused by Republican reciprocity.

Brooklyn's Gerrymander.

A bill has passed the Tammany Legislature intended to deprive the Brooklyn Republicans of any voice in local affairs. The bill gives to the Common Council the power to fix ward boundaries. This means, of course, to efface the Republican wards. The greater part of the settled residents of Brooklyn are Republicans, and Republicans strength is chiefly in the wards of home owners and householders. These wards will now undoubtedly be effaced and new lines drawn to suit the Brooklyn Tammany. But Brooklyn Republicans cannot be deprived of their votes, and they should make those votes count against the party that stole the Legislature and is now planning to steal from them their fair local representation.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

Special Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 4, 1892.

There is no longer room for doubt that the at the time seemingly unexpected termination of the silver battle in House was but the carrying out of a carefully prearranged plan on the part of certain democratic leaders who do not wish their party committed on this question at the opening of the Presidential campaign. They wish to leave the way open for the democratic party to pose as favoring free coinage in States where it will be beneficial to do so, and as opposing it in other States, just as that party has always done in Presidential elections, on most questions of national importance. The small fry were not let in the scheme, or Representative Bland would not have blackguarded Speaker Crisp in such a savage way, and then had to eat his words afterwards, when he was told why Speaker Crisp had seemingly betrayed the ultra free silver men; but they all now know the meaning of the whole business, and about 80 or 90 of them are trying to hatch up some scheme of revenge, and if they only had a nervy leader they might accomplish something, as with the present average attendance in the House that many members, if properly handled, could easily tie up the House, and keep it tied up until their purpose was accomplished. As yet they only threaten, and those who threaten seldom fight.

It is not regarded as probable that the silver campaign opened in the Senate by the debate on Mr. Morgan's resolution will result in any definite action by that body on the actual question of free coinage, although the dodgers like Hill are in a state of trepidation on account of it and may be forced to define their position.

The first free trade measure—the Springer free wool bill—will be put through the House this week, but there is not the remotest probability of its getting through the Senate.

The Alliance men in Congress have adopted a new financial "fad" and to hear them discuss it one would suppose that they actually expected the bill authoring it to pass It is for the Secretary of the Treasury to issue on demand of the several States, legal tender Treasury notes, similar to those now in general circulation, in any amount desired up to $30 per capita, taking the population as given in the last Census. The States are to deposit as security 20 year bonds, bearing interest at the rate of 1 per cent per annum. The bill says nothing of how the States are to redeem these bonds at the expiration of 20 years, although it authorizes the legislatures to distribute the money at their discretion. Like the subtreasury scheme, it looks well on paper, and would be equally impossible to put into practical operation.

Not a single democratic member of the Senate committee on the District of Columbia voted for Senator McMillan's bill to appropriate $75,000 towards entertaining the members of the G. A. R. who will attend the encampment in this city, which that committee, by the vote of republicans, has favorably reported to the Senate. The original bill was for $10,000, but upon consultation with the local committee it was reduced, and a proviso inserted that $60,000 should be raised by private contributions and spent before any of the Congressional appropriation can be used. If the democratic Representatives are as hostile as these democratic Senators have shown themselves to be the bill will never get through the House.

Representative Miller, of Wisconsin, was right when he denounced the present rules of the House, as worse than no rules at all, and said that the time of the House, had been spent in doing nothing or worse than nothing on account of those rules.

The House still keeps up the farce of holding one evening session each week to consider private pension bills, but a quroum is never present and the point of "no quorum" is invariably made by some democrat, so that nothing is ever done at those sessions. At the last one Representative Hemphill, of South Carolina, unmercifully scored his party for what he termed its "child's play," in holding these sessions, and pretending to do what it had no idea of doing.

All the good things said about the democratic members of the House committee on Elections, because of their votes to put Rockwell out of the seat to which his republican opponent—Col. Noyes—was really elected, will have been said in vain, if it shall turn out to be true, as now reported, that Senator Hill has secured pledges from a majority of the democratic members of the House to vote to retain Rockwell, notwithstanding the report of the committee.

Superintendent Porter of the Census Bureau, say she welcomed the investigation of the bureau ordered by the House, and that the more thorough the investigation is the better he will like it, as, in no other way can the important and excellent work done by that bureau be so effectually brought to the attention of the country. If the democrats get no more out of it than they are getting out of the Pension office investigation, the republicans will certainly have no reason to complain.

AS THE men of influence in the community fall one by one, an opportunity is presented for those of a younger generation to step to the front and assume the responsibilities and the duties which have hitherto been performed by those whose work is accomplished. Young men sometimes complain that the world is overcrowded, that all the good places are taken, and that a new comer on the field has but little opportunity for achieving success. As to that, a great deal depends upon what one means by success. If riches and honor are meant, then the struggle may indeed be long and sometimes hopeless. If devotion to the truth, to those eternal principles which will survive the "wreck of matter and the crush of worlds" be meant, then there is nothing in the way which will prevent a young man making himself a positive force in the community of which he is a member, and that very early in his career. If he comprehends at the start that loyalty to truth, benevolent regard for the unfortnnate, earnest work for the church and those reforms which are intended to better the estate of fallen humanity will soon bring him the love and confidence of his neighbors and make his word an influential one with them, he will make a right start, and there is every reason to believe he will make a good ending. And it is very certain that he will be all the better prepared to step to the front and grasp the banner which has fallen from the dead hand of a translated leader. An ambition which impels a young man to desire a position of usefulness rather than one whereby he can add to his material possessions is not only an honorable one; it is also one which will bring happiness to its possessor long after riches and fame have lost all power to sway the soul. As good men and true fold their hands and close their eyes to earth, let us hope that others equally good and true will be found to carry on the warfare af genuine civilization.

We see it stated that Andrew Carnegie said, while in San Francisco, that he was worth $30,000,000 and that he intends to give away every dollar of his fortune before he dies, but "will give nothing to the churches because *he does not believe in them.*" We just thought so and so it is with many others who like him have piled up immense wealth out of the sweat and toil and blood of the poor. If Carnegie wants to do right before he dies he should return this ill gotten wealth to its rightful owners and one way he could begin would be by paying a decent price to his laboring men and women and pension those who have worn themselves out in his service. What it always seemed to us this man was at is to get what he can out of the people and give it to some great so called charitable object that shall increase the name and fame of the great Carnegie. He "will give nothing to the church" well the church does not need his help, it can get along very well without it. What the church needs more than the money of such men is fearless honest champions of the rights of the people, men who shall dare to denounce the ways and means by which such men as Andrew Carnegie acquire such a mass of wealth out of the product of labor, wealth not earned but acquired by tricks and combinations.

Demagogue Versus Political Economist.

They did pass the two McKinley laws. crowding up and perpetuating higher protected taxes which besides taking no less a sum from the people's pockets for the needs of the people's treasury, take also many times greater sums from the people's pockets, not one dollar of which goes to the people's treasury nor to raise workmen's wages.—*Governor Hill's speech before the Mississippi Legislature.*

It is perfectly true as the protectionist asserts, that a tariff of customs duties upon foreign goods imported into new countries maintain high rates of wages in the factory industries.—*Walker's Political Economy," advanced edition, pp. 516517.*

Who is DAVID B. HILL? An unscrupulous politician and demagogue, who has no principles on the tariff question; who was willing to be a protectionist four years ago if there had been anything in it for him, and who is now seeking the Democratic nomination for the Presidency.

Who is FRANCIS A. WALKER? The president of the Massachusetts Institute of the United States census, a thoughtful political economist, who is a free trader, but fair and honest enough to tell the truth that his economic studies have forced him to admit.

Which one of there men will intelligent workingmen believe?

A Presbyterian pastor at Greenville, Ill., has a pulpit made of olive wood from the Mount of Olives.

James Milliken on the Silver Question.

Mr. James Milliken of this place has written a letter to the Philadelphia *Press* in which he gives his views on the money question. Mr. M——has given this question a great deal of study, is a man of great learning, has had the advantage of extensive travel and large experience, has always been a very successful man in business, is a friend of the poor and to the cause of labor. Although not a laboring man himself in the sense of being what is called a laborer, yet he has always been an industrious man and is above the meanness of studying great questions that affect the whole people with an eye single to the selfish interest of a single class he acknowledges that the complaints made by labor, the farmer with other laborers against the present condition of things is based upon great wrongs which they suffer and which in time they will learn to redress. He is honestly in favor of correcting these great wrongs. We believe we are right when we say the laboring men of the country have no truer friend than James Milliken. Below we publish his article in full.

HONEST MONEY AND DISHONEST POLITICS.

To the Editor of the PRESS:—

SIR:—In one of your editorials you quote from the platform of the Republican party of Indiana, with expressions of fitting approbation—in which I crave leave heartily to join—the following, to wit, "We are in favor of honest money, of a dollar that, whether it be of gold, or silver, or paper, shall be of like value in payment of debt."

And yet I am constrained to ask you by what process of law this most desirable condition can be attained? For this seems now to be the only result that the people at large unite in desiring, unless we except the money lenders and the creditor class, the majority of whom prefer money of different and varying value that they may gather gain by advantage.

I am still more impelled to solicit expression of your plan, or process, from the fact that when you published, sometime since, from my paper on "Real Money," the following proposed statute—which would directly attain the suggestions now advocated by the Republicans of Indiana—I did not then undestand you to favor the measure nor yet to oppose it; the statue as follows to wit:—

"*Be it enacted etc.*" That all past and present issues of gold, silver, and paper money made, and all money coinages authorized to be made by authority of Congress, shall be a legal tender in payment of all debts, public and private, of future contract, all stipulations or specifications of coin, coinages or money to the contrary notwithstanding; tender of subsidiary silver coin to be limited to $20, and of the minor coins to $5; and that all acts or parts of acts in conflict with the provisions of this act be and are hereby repealed." This measure has been adopted verbatim by the National Grange and their petitions are now before Congress urging the passage of the measure. The measure has also been approved by Farmers'. Alliance associations, by Wage Earners' Associations, and pursuits, and by many men of business enterprise and pursuit, and by all these petitioned for. The Republicans of Indiana are quite in accord with the measure also.

The concluding sentences of the first paragraph of Mr. Bland's free coinage measure now before the House of Representatives for consideration reads as follows, to wit:—

"That the standard gold and silver coins of the United States shall be a legal tender in payment of all debts public and private.

Is it the intent of the Democratic party to palm this off upon the people as a measure that meets the relief their petitions pray for? Every one familiar with the legal status of our money issues know full well that any contract in existence made specifically payable in gold cannot, by the measure quoted, be made payable in silver, and that the act is, therefore, misleading if not in itself unconstitutional. The avoidance of the provisions of this measure in future contracts would be by special contracts for payment in other coin than silver, and such contracts the present decisions of the United States Supreme Court sustain and would thereby render the language and provisions of the bill a farce. Has this measure been so drawn for political track, or with intent to humbug all the people and votes asking for "money of uniform value under the law in payment of debts?" Politicians must have a care.

The farmer has for the moment turned from his vocation, the wage earners from their tools, the men of business from their various enterprises, that for themselves they may know the truth and better comprehend the money question. They have begun to distrust and to assert that humbug and ignorance rule, and, while forming new parties, and in their councils, all manifest serious unrest awaiting the inevitable hour of political revolution to redress wrongs the cause of which they do not all fully understand, the crime of which they justly feel.

Very truly yours,

JAMES MILLIKEN.

Bellefonte, Pa., March 1892.

NEW IMPLEMENT OF WAR.

The Disappearing Gun Carriage an American Triumph.

The new disappearing gun carriage, which has been in position at the proving grounds, at Sandy Hook, since November, was, Tuesday, put through a proving test. The tests were conducted before General John M. Schofield and the members of the United States Ordnance Board and a number of Congressmen. The machine is a triumph for American skill and genius, and is the first carriage of its kind that has been successful.

The gun was mounted on the parapet of the old fortification, with its muzzle turned toward the lightship. When prepared to load no part of the gun could be seen from the breach in front of the parapet, but the moment the loading was completed the machinery was set in work and in an instant the big gun, weighing 67,000 pounds, was raised above the wall. The elevation for fire was eight feet from the load position. The gun was fired by an electric primer and the recoil was easy.

The time elapsing from the completion of the load position of its recovery, after reaching the fire position and dropping back, was less than half a minute and it is estimated that the gun could be hoisted, fired and lowered to its original position in less than twelve minutes. The gun used to-day was one of the new ten inch steel rifles and the projectile used weighed 575 pounds. It was fired with a reduced charge. The explosion shattered most of the windows on the Hook.

The carriage was designed by H. H. Spiller, one of the designers of the Terror, and was built under his direction by the South Boston Iron Works. Its operation is automatic. Its weight complete is fifty five tons. Its main principle is compressed air, which raises and lowers the guns and acts as a cushion for the recoil, and is used to load the piece. Its force varies from 325, when the gun is at fire, to 1,000 at the recoil.

Difference in Indemnities.

The statement that the United States will offer to the Italian Government a gift of 100,000 francs for the relief of the families of the men lynched at New Orleans indicates a settlement on the lines of that made with China for the Rock Springs massacre. It is specified in both cases that the payment is not to be taken as an acknowledgment of responsibility, but will be made as an assurance of international good will and friendliness. This is rather Pickwickian; but as it comprises the relief of the families of the lynched Italians it will afford a practical settlement of the controversy.

At the same time it cannot be lost sight of that the difference between this $20,000 and the claims for $2,000,000 filed against Chile, is rather stunning. The $20,000 is the sum which is expected to balance the killing of eleven men in New Orleans; the $2,000,000 is the estimate—not yet endorsed by our Government—for the beating and kicking of a score of our sailors at Valparaiso and the killing of one of them. Such a contrast suggests that the profit of the proverbial operation of buying a man at the general estimate of his value and selling him at his own estimate could be completely cast in the shade by the national wealth to be obtained from mobbing men in our cities at the New Orleans valuation and having our sailors mobbed in foreign ports at the Valparaiso valuation.

Is it to be deduced from this difference that life in Valparaiso is worth a hundred times as much as in New Orleans? Or is it to be explained by the abundance and cheapness of Italians as compared with the scarcity and high price of American sailors?

Remarkable Things.

A Greenfield, Mass., woman has a quilt made of 7,612 pieces.

A St. Louis man, formerly a sailor, has a Chinese weapon. It is a curious combination of gun and bow.

A citizen of Bristol, Tenn., has a silver buckle worn by Cornwallis at Yorktown. It is set in gold and many little brilliant stones assembling diamonds. The amount of gold in it is worth nearly $25.

A Detroit man has a novel walking cane that is made of old postage stamps of various denominations and six nationalities—United States, Canadian, English, French German and Italian. It took 5,014 stamps to make the cane. The surface of the cane when the stamps were all on, was filed smooth and finished until it glazed.

CURIOUS CONDENSATIONS.

Baby Alfonso is on the new Spanish postage stamp.

—There are nearly 3,000 stitches in a pair of hand-sewn boots.

—Wolverhampton has a bullock with a wooden leg and a good appetite.

—The glare of the white, sandy plains of Africa produces dangerous ophthalmia.

A Maine boy of 8 years is said to be able to repeat 40 chapters of the Bible.

—It cost over $200 recently in legal fees in South Carolina to settle a claim of $5.

The Emperor of China has ten men whose sole duty is to carry his umbrella.

A monster resembling a gorilla is said to be terrorizing the people of Brownsville, Ky.

The contractor who built an Indiana jail now occupies one of its cells as a prisoner.

—A mother, father and their 18 children joined in one day a Mennonite colony in Lane county, Ore.

A crow with only one leg, and upon that leg only one toe. was a curiosity shot recently at Lenoir, N. C.

French reporters now take notes at night by the light of a tiny incandescent lamp attached to the pencil.

There is a brisk trade in second-hand tombstones in London. Still stranger is the custom of selling family vaults partly filled.

Paris is now the best lighted city in the world, and a model for all cities that are bent on introducing electric lighting on a grand scale.

It is reckoned that the British fleet, which numbered 2,140 guns, fired away 45,000 pounds of powder during the battle of Trafalgar.

—In the year 1829 the Chinese completed an imperial canal that traversed a distance of 1,000 miles, a 40-days sail for the Mogolian junk.

Careful investigation in Prussia reveals the remarkable fact that the average life of Jews in Prussia is five years longer than that of Christians.

A fine collection of seventeenth century tobacco pipes has just been found under an old London cellar and deposited in the Guildhall Museum.

—A bill entitled "It shall be unlawful to hire any red-headed female to play base ball!" was recently introduced in the Albany, N. Y., Legislature.

Dr. Livingstone once said he had walked for weeks through a region in Africa where a lake ought to be, according to the maps, and he never saw the lake.

The Prohibitionists in Maryland for some extraordinary reason have adopted as their banner a picture of Washington surrounded by the Stars and Stripes.

Numerous grandchildren of both the contracting parties attended the wedding of a groom of 75 and a bride of 71 at Crawfordsville, Ind., a few days ago.

In no three large cities in Europe have greater advances in sanitations been shown during the last 20 years than in the cities of Bombay, Madras and Calcutta.

The Methodist Episcopal Church has over 15,000 ministers. 14,000 local preachers, 100,000 official members, and 300,000 Sunday school officers and teachers.

When the men and women of the East Indies want to wash their hands they squeeze the juice of a lemon over them briskly in water until they are clean.

The old troublesome question of how to dispose of wires never arises in Paris, where, thanks mainly to the subways, there are absolutely no obstructive wires.

According to a law of nature, when a body is cooled it becomes heavier than when it is hot. There is one exception to the rule, however, and that is in the case of water.

The latest whim for the owners of dogs is to make them wear shoes in the house for the purpose of protecting the polished floors. They are made of chamois, with leather soles.

Umbrellas are rarely used in Aden, Arabia. Rain has fallen there only twice in 29 years. Previous to the last rain, which occurred in 1888, there was a period of dry weather which lasted 26 years.

The latest substitute for glass is a kind of dry, flexible collodion. It resists the action of salts, alkalies and dilute acids, and is inodorous and transparent. Its chief use is likely to be in photography.

A monkey in the Philadelphia Zoo tried to commit suicide by cutting its throat with a piece of glass, after his mother had whipped him. He made a fearful gash before his mother took the glass away.

In German literary publications during 1891 theology held the first place. Out of 18,875 literary productions, 1,763 belonged to the province of theology and 1,731 to literature proper (novels, poems, dramas.)

In Rio de Janaire the camellia is used in a magnificent way at all the fetes. The walls of the halls where entertainments are held are covered with sprays containing three camellias and their polished foliage.

There is said to be a negro, 65 years old, living near Rutlidge, Ga., that bears a remarkable resemblance to a sheep. His skin is black, but his head, face and the rest of his body are covered with long, thick, white wool.

The Wisconsin gerrymander has been upset by the courts. The fact that it was a democratic gerrymander should excite no honest man's sympathy. It was an abomination and richly deserved its fate. —*Buffalo Courtier.*

Valerie;
OR,
HALF A TRUTH.

BY "THE DUCHESS."

"Even if she loves me, she loves the world better. If I had remained a poor man she would have been the wife of Aston Lawford. If she cannot stoop to try to win me, she would accept my love if I offered it—*now!*"

"I don't suppose," said Valerie, as Angela and Lord Westbrook disappeared, "that I have much chance against you, Colonel Beauregard; you are a crack player."

"Who has paid me that high compliment?"

"Three or four people," returned the girl, laughing. "Mr. Dallas for one!"

"Oh, Dallas! He and I used to play often in camp. One night we were deep in a game when there was a call to arms. We left the game unfinished, and after a short skirmish returned. It was a bloodless victory, so far as our own men were concerned, so we finished our game."

"Do you mean that you finished it at once?" asked Valerie, greatly amused.

"Oh! no; duty first, pleasure afterward. But as soon as we had seen to our men, we polished off our game."

"I should have thought you wanted some sleep."

"We hadn't done fighting till three A. M.," replied Beauregard, "and we weren't sleepy. A fine end game, too. No, we had to finish it. Wouldn't you have done the same?"

"I think I should. You won, I suppose? Mr. Dallas said you always did."

"Dallas seems to have taken upon himself the office of chess-trumpeter on my behalf," said Beauregard, "I shall win this game to a dead certainty, Valerie, if you put your knight in such jeopardy!"

"I don't deserve to be warned," said she, retracting the move. "I was not attending to the game."

"And that was my fault. Beside, a win by a fluke is no win at all."

For some little time they played in silence. Max Beauregard was not in his usual "form." It was hardly possible he should be, with Valerie sitting opposite to him, and no other creature near; let the suffering be what it would, it was wild happiness to have her thus with him, her soft breath almost fanning his cheek, as she bent over the game; to watch the play of her face—watch every curve and contour, the fall of the golden hair—every movement of the white hand, with a never wearying, but rather increasing delight; for to love the familiar is ever the new; the best known the dearest to sight and sense.

Valerie, too, played with less than her usual skill; though—as in such cases the woman usually is—she was more inwardly self-possessed than her companion; outwardly, both seemed at present absorbed in the game; that is, Valerie did altogether, and Max Beauregard did when she could see his face; otherwise it would appear that he evolved the stratagem of the mimic battle from contemplation of the features and form opposite to him—a novel mode of playing chess, and not a very successful one, since it presently led to his losing a bishop without gaining any advantage. Nor was the loss a mere oversight, but led up to three or four ill-considered moves.

"Whew—w!" he said, as Valerie took the piece; "I must look sharp, Fairy Queen, or I shall be routed horse and foot."

A slight color swept over the girl's cheek at the name he called her; but she answered, smilingly:

"I thought, a few moves back, you were laying a trap; and then, when you moved that pawn," touching it, "I knew I was mistaken."

"A trap? No; I was playing carelessly," he answered, "and that won't do with you—you play far too well. I don't mean that I was careless from underrating your play, but because I didn't attend properly."

"Oh! you might play badly, for you, and beat me!" said Valerie, in perfect good faith.

"It doesn't look like it. Besides, you have supernatural skill, you know."

"Then it's no use contending at all," returned the girl, not thinking, until the words had left her mouth, the significance they might seem charged withal; but she did not change color, and added almost directly, not daring to lift her eyes: "But certainly we shall not test the truth before luncheon at the present rate."

"We can finish it another time," he said, not seeing the board at all for a minute—it was merely a confused mist—he only saw Valerie and heard the cry of his own heart in answer to her words: "Heaven help me! it *is* no use contending!"

But he quickly rallied, and forced himself to closer attention, and, by a few masterly moves, almost retrieved his position.

"Are there any plans for this afternoon?" he asked, presently.

"I don't know—I haven't heard of any."

"Would you go for a walk? There are some lovely walks about—over the hills and among the woods, where horses can't go."

"Who else can walk?"

"No one like you; but Mrs. Dudley can do a fair distance. Westbrook and Dallas; Travers not much; Nellie won't walk in hot weather, nor will Angela. Is Miss Linwood a pedestrian?"

Valerie laughed.

"She calls four miles a long distance."

"We mustn't count on Dallas, then," said Beauregard, quietly. "But if the others will come, will you?"

The girl's heart beat fast. For the last week or more Beauregard had almost avoided her, and now this twice he sought her society—for the chess-game and for the walk; and in both cases he had carried the day—in the first by a *coup de main*, in the second she could not possibly refuse without making refusal much more marked than acceptance.

"I shall be very happy to come," she said.

"Thanks, so much. I do trust the other two will be amenable. Your move, Valerie. Ah! the luncheon bell! Never mind. I will take the game down on a *statu quo* board, and we can finish it some other day—if you like, that is!"

"Oh! I should like to finish it!" exclaimed Valerie, rising; and Max rose, too, and went to fetch the *statu quo* board. The tennis-party came trooping in from the lawn; Dallas and Amy Linwood turned up from somewhere else; and all went into the house.

CHAPTER XL.—OVER THE HILLS.

"A walk to-day, in all this heat?" said Lady Elinor, at the luncheon-table. "I believe there are only two people here who could have proposed such a thing."

"I plead guilty," said Colonel Beauregard, as his sister-in-law looked toward him.

"And who do you suppose will volunteer for such service?"

"Valerie has already promised, if other soldiers can be found. Who will join the colors?"

"I, for one," said Lord Westbrook.

"And I," said Mrs. Dudley, "if you don't go too far, and climb too much."

"Are you good for a climb over Mervyn's Hill, and through the woods?" asked Beauregard.

The widow made a *moue*.

"H'm!—yes—part of the way," she said; "and Valerie?"

"Oh! Valerie can do her twelve or fifteen miles, and climb like a goat," said Beauregard.

"Nonsense! Can you, Miss Herbert?"

"Yes," said Valerie, amused at the question. "Why not?"

"Why not? *I* can't walk twelve miles, Colonel."

"With good rests you can," he answered; "or ten, at any rate. Any more volunteers?"

But Amy shook her head; Dallas held his peace; and Angela, after biting her lips, suggested riding instead.

"But you can't ride over these hills, and in the wood," said Mrs. Dudley, who had mentally appropriated Max Beauregard, and handed Valerie over to Lord Westbrook.

Mrs. Langley said nothing; the walk commended itself to her, but she was not going to arouse Valerie's antagonism.

"It is not for me to decide" said Beauregard. "I put it to the meeting."

Up went Mrs. Dudley's, Valerie's, and Lord Westbrook's hands for the walk, and only Angela's for a ride, the rest giving no vote at all.

"The pedestrians have it!" cried Lilias Dudley, laughing; and Lady Elinor concealed her annoyance in a smile.

Colonel Beauregard was alone on the terrace, lounging against the balustrade, smoking a cigarette, when Valerie appeared, attired in a dress of fine serge, cream-colored, with open red collar, a red sash, and a jaunty little crimson cap on her head.

Max flung away the cigarette, and surveyed the lovely picture before him, with a half-unconscious smile in his dark eyes.

"You are a good soldier, Valerie," he said, "always quick and punctual." Then, after a second's pause, "You had on a gown made like that the first time I saw you."

Valerie, pulling on her long gloves, started and colored, her heart leaping up with a wild bound. He had never before spoken of that day; and his doing so now almost startled her out of her self-possession—not quite—she turned aside with a half laugh:

"So I had! Fancy remembering that!"

"I have a good memory," he said, a little dryly. "I remember a great many things besides that!"

"Very likely," with a shrug. "I, for my part, often find that one month chases another out of one's head!"

"Often!—not always—a wise distinction. Then you can remember or forget at will? So convenient! I wish I could."

"Exactly!" returned Valerie, coolly, as if he had spoken in good faith, and not sarcastically; and as she spoke she plucked a rosebud for her dress, turning her back to him to do this. "I wish," she added, directly, "the others would come. What a time they are!"

Lord Westbrook appeared at that moment, and Mrs. Dudley a few minutes later, and they started for the walk—Valerie with her young heart in a tumult of passionate emotion, and resolving to show Max Beauregard that, among the things "convenient" to forget, he himself held foremost place. To which end she kept by Lord Westbrook's side, and whenever the path obliged separation into couples, allowed Colonel Beauregard to lead with Mrs. Dudley, or fall behind; as the case might be, and Beauregard made no attempt to interfere with this arrangement; whether he acquiesced in it, or intended it to last throughout the walk, was another matter.

They crossed the park, struck through a stretch of woodland beyond, and gained a bit of open moorland. Here Mrs. Dudley elevated her scarlet umbrella; but Valerie was guiltless of such an article, also of gloves, which she had long ago pulled off and consigned to Westbrook for safe custody.

"Oh! it *is* hot!" cried the widow.

"It is delicious!" said Valerie. "And we shall soon be in the woods again," pointing ahead to the hill clothed with thick foliage.

The girl was almost dancing along now. Beauregard watched her, but turned to Mrs. Dudley.

"It is a steep path for some little way," he said, "and then a regular climb—that is, if you care to get to the top. Once there, you have a magnificent view!"

"I shall go to the top," declared Valerie, promptly.

"And I will go where you do," said Lord Westbrook, lowering his voice.

"That is if I will let you!" replied Beauty, nonchalantly. "And perhaps you can't climb."

"Try me!" returned the young man.

"It will be a good test," said Colonel Beauregard. "Do you feel inclined for it, Mrs. Dudley."

"H'm! not very. Miss Herbert is a catamount I begin to think."

Valerie laughed.

"Let's go on and commence the ascent," she said to Lord Westbrook.

"All right," said he, eagerly.

But, as Valerie started forward, Beauregard's voice stopped her.

"Valerie, you mustn't try that ascent till I am there."

"Why not?" she asked, not exactly defiantly, but just a little rebelliously.

"Because there is a good deal of danger if you don't go the right way, and it is ticklish climbing when you do," he answered, quietly.

"I will take good care of her," said Lord Westbrook, somewhat piqued by this authoritative interference.

"I don't doubt that, my dear fellow," said the other, smiling, "but as you don't know the place any better than Valerie does, you might both come down together. Go ahead if you choose," he added to Valerie; "only promise me you won't attempt the climb."

"Very well," said she, carelessly. "Come, Westbrook," and as they started off together half running, she added impatiently, "I can't keep on at this pace! How Mrs. Dudley does dawdle! Colonel Beauregard must be mad that he has to walk so slowly!"

"Perhaps he doesn't mind," said Lord Westbrook. "I shouldn't care how slowly I walk by your side."

"Don't talk nonsense!" said the girl, coloring slightly. "I am sure I should get tired of walking slowly with you, or anyone."

This last was not exactly true.

"Don't say that!" said the young man, trying to check his companion's rapid pace. "You don't mean it, do you?"

"I do. Look here," said the girl resolutely, and slacking a little, "if you are going to be absurd I shall drop back to the others."

"Absurd!" exclaimed the young man, a good deal disconcerted. "You are not very merciful."

"There isn't much need for mercy that I can see," returned Valerie, quickening her pace a little. "Now, don't look doleful or you'll spoil all the pleasure of the walk for both of us. Do be a sensible fellow for once in a way!"

"I declare," cried Lord Westbrook, half laughing, half vexed, "you do treat hearts like playthings."

"Hearts?" Valerie laughed a ringing, reckless laugh. "Who talked of hearts! You don't mean to tell me that yours is involved? If so, it is about the seventh time."

"No, no! I vow and protest——"

"And I vow and protest," said Valerie, pausing at the stile that separated the moorland from the hill-path, and facing round on her companion with mocking laughter in her gray eyes, looking lovely enough to turn the heads of a dozen St. Anthony's, "that I am not going to listen to a declaration with Colonel Beauregard and Mrs. Dudley not three hundred yards off; also that I am not going any farther than this."

"How cruel you are to mock me."

"I wonder how often you have said that," said Valerie, serenely. "Oh, don't protest, like the player-queen," as he was about to eagerly interrupt. "I have lived two years in the *beau monde*, and I know the whole gamut backward and forward and dodging. No more, please. Colonel Beauregard has quick eyes and ears, and you are looking vastly too sentimental for the occasion."

"I don't believe you have an atom of real feeling!" said Westbrook, in a savage undertone.

"I am glad you have found that out," replied Valerie, composedly, "it will save both of us a great deal of trouble. Don't you know that penniless beauties can't afford feelings, nor can poor anybodies. All the same, it wasn't very polite of you to tell me the truth so bluntly; but I'll forgive it, as we have hitherto been very good friends, and change my mind about going on, if you will be sensible."

CHAPTER XLI.—A SPRAIN.

Lord Westbrook crossed the stile in silence, and held out his hand to assist Valerie. He could not help feeling grateful to her, for he knew she was doing this for his sake, to enable him to compose his face and manner before Colonel Beauregard and his companion came up, and he was remorseful for his harsh accusation.

"Forgive me," he said, after a minute's pause. "I was a brute to say what I did."

"There is nothing to forgive. The truth is a novelty to me—I don't often hear it. Please say no more about it; but get me down those dog-roses."

"Westbrook is hard hit," observed Mrs. Dudley, as Valerie and the young peer went on toward the hill; "and she?"

"Only flirts with him. Westbrook is heir to a poor peerage. Very likely he would throw over everything for her; but ——" he finished with a shrug.

Mrs. Dudley laughed.

"I think she has her heart well in hand," she said, "if anyone has."

Max thought of the sweet eyes that had looked up to him in the thunderstorm two years ago, that were somehow so little changed for all the crust of worldliness that had choked the pure nature, and he could not bring his lips to traduce his idol. He only said:

"No man should say, should he, that a woman is heartless?"

The widow looked down.

"How many men would speak like that?" she said.

"I don't know; but I think we have lost far too much of the older chivalry which treated women with a reverence akin to worship."

"In theory, Colonel Beauregard—in nothing else."

"Not in theory only; that is, there were instances in which the theory was carried into facts; and in rude and coarse ages there was something even in the theory, for remember that it tinged all the poetry of the period, and so had its influence, greater than we will sometimes allow. We are in no danger to-day of returning to the practice of carrying off ladies *bon gre, mal gre*, but we need more of the tone that pervades the 'Faerie Queene,' and the older poets."

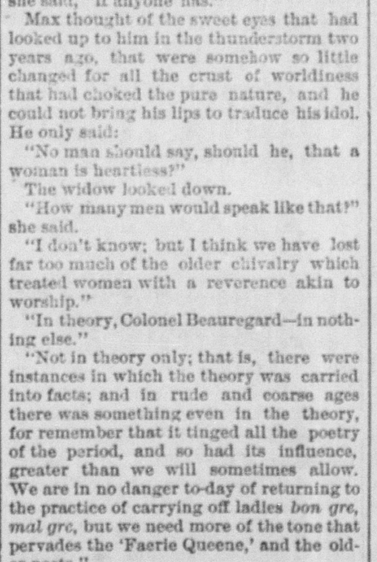
"It is much our own fault, isn't it?" said Mrs. Dudley—"we women, I mean? Still, it is a rare treat to find a man inclined to be gentle with our faults, and carry out as well as uphold doctrines of chivalry."

"Ah! you will be personal," said Beauregard, biting his lip in some vexation. "I propound a theory, and you pay a compliment. But here we are at the stile, and there are Westbrook and Valerie gathering wild roses."

Valerie made light of the steep path up the hillside, but Mrs. Dudley found it a toilsome ascent, and paused more than once *en route* to rest, reaching the top at last, hot and panting.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, sitting down on a tree-stump, "no more climbing for me!"

"Not up there!" said Colonel Beauregard,



He turned and stretched out his hand to Valerie.

laughing, and pointing to what appeared to Mrs. Dudley's astonished gaze an inaccessible precipice.

"*There!*" she exclaimed, blankly. "Are you joking? Did you really mean Valerie and me to climb such a place?"

"I can do it," cried Valerie.

"Well, you may then; but I don't want to break my neck. Don't let me keep anyone, however—I can rest here while you all go up. But how do you propose to get down again?"

"Easily," said Colonel Beauregard, a good deal amused. "Only a better way would be, if you are good enough to excuse me—as a pioneer is needful—if you would presently saunter on slowly, and we can descend over the other side and meet you."

"Very well. But fancy climbing such a place!"

"Come, then," said Max; "Valerie, follow me, and Westbrook next."

Light-built, lissome, sure of eye and foot as a highlander, there were not many climbs that would have proved insurmountable to Max Beauregard. He was up the steep and craggy hillside several yards in an instant, and paused to see how Valerie followed.

She was close on his steps as he turned, Lord Westbrook several feet below her.

"Well done!" said Beauregard; "but be careful—this is only the beginning."

He went on, Valerie still following close, Westbrook some way lower.

Presently, Beauregard put his foot on a projecting root, and, seizing a sapling above, swung himself easily to a higher ledge, where, his left hand still grasping the tree, he turned and stretched out his hand to Valerie.

"Your hand, fairy; you can't get up here without help."

"No," she said, laughing, and giving him her hand. "I should want to be as tall as you for that."

"Put your foot there—that's it!"

In a second she stood beside him, flushed (not all with the climbing) and panting a little, looking down on Lord Westbrook toiling upward, because she hardly cared to look at her companion.

And he—he had dropped her hand, looking down, not on Lord Westbrook, who might be an hour coming up for all he cared, but on her, and feeling that he

"Had given all other bliss,
And all his worldly worth for this—
To waste his whole heart in one kiss
Upon her perfect lips."

"Lord Westbrook doesn't get on very quickly," said Valerie, to break the silence, which made her tremble inwardly.

"He is just below that shrub," returned Beauregard, pointing to one that hid him. "A little to the right, Westbrook—so. Shall we go on now, Fairy Queen? We are not very far from the top. Yes? Give me your hand, then; it will be easier so."

She put the little white hand in his, and they went on, hand in hand.

To Valerie it almost seemed as if she was carried upward, so easy did her companion's supple strength make the way for her; and every pulse was throbbing with the magnetism of his clasp, and the name he called her was ringing in her heart a wild, joyous chime—the sweet old name by which it seemed as if he meant to contradict her hard, reckless words, that one month chased away the memory of another.

And at length—was it too soon or not soon enough, how could Valerie know?—they reached the top of Mervyn's Hill, and stood on the broad plateau, partially covered with trees, and Valerie uttered a cry of delight, and snatched her hand from Beauregard's, to clasp it with her other hand over her bosom.

"Oh!" she said, under her breath, "how beautiful!"

Hill, and wood, and stream, lay before them, all bathed in the August sunshine; an immense stretch of country, fading full five-and-twenty miles away, into purple distance.

The girl moved forward a few steps, and stood rapt and motionless—her lips quivering, her dark eyes shining like stars, her whole being drinking in the wondrous charm of landscape beauty, yet not forgetful—never for one second forgetful—of the silent presence near her; rather were her senses the more deeply imbued with nature's loveliness because he was there—the centre of her universe; for all the pain,

"Love took up the glass of time, and turned it in his glowing hands;
Every moment, lightly shaken, ran itself in golden sands."

For him also? Ah! that whisper stealing through all the chambers of her heart; those memories—nay, not memories, for they were ever present—it was not *then*, but *now*—of tones, of looks, of words, two years ago; yesterday; to-day; a clasp of the hand, a kiss that spoke more than a moment's impulse—ay, even bitter words; for why the bitterness without the wound? Did he, even while he despised her, love her? Had he loved her, then—then, when honor had sealed his lips, and she, in her blindness, had made him believe her unworthy the love of any high-souled man? Had she flung her life away—and his, too, maybe? Or was it only madness to dream that, sunk so low as she must be in his eyes, he could love her?

Beauregard had drawn back a little from Valerie's side, and stood leaning against a tree, with eyes that saw the landscape only as the background to a figure; but after a few minutes he moved nearer to her, and spoke softly:

"Are you repaid the toil of the ascent?"

She half turned.

"Oh! yes, yes!" she said. "It is lovely—so wide and free——"

She stopped, and stretched out her hands with an unconscious gesture of longing, toward the distant hills.

"If you had the wings of a dove," said Max, in the same soft voice, "you would flee away—and be at rest?"

But Valerie's hands dropped before her, tightly clasped, her eyes went back to the hills; she had no answer; there was no rest for her—save one!

Why did he ask the question? Did he mean that for a nature false to itself there was no rest?

But in the moment's pause that followed, a voice broke upon the stillness, and Max Beauregard, with the readiness of a man of the world, turned to meet Lord Westbrook with light, laughing words. Perhaps, too, there was a certain relief in the intrusion of the commonplace, saving him from a step that, once made, could not be retracted.

"Well," he said, "you have reached the top at last. What do you think of the view?"

"Beautiful!" replied the young man, pleased, but hardly enraptured; there was not much poetry in his composition, and if it had not been for Valerie he would not have taken the trouble of a steep climb to see what lay before him. His pleasure was damped, too, by annoyance that Beauregard had taken Valerie out of his hands.

[To be Continued]

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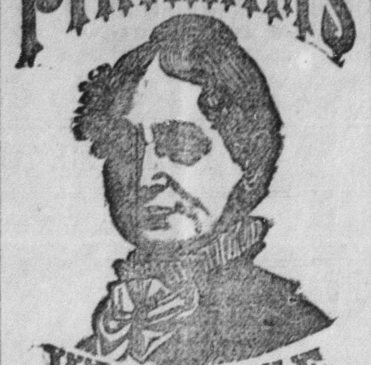

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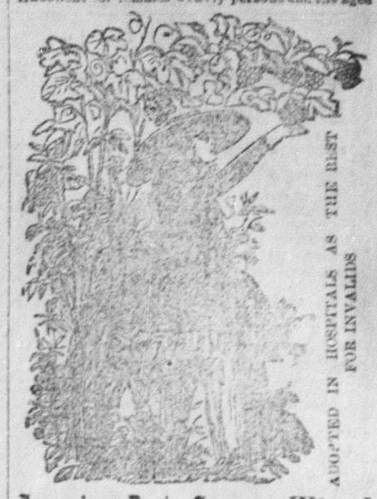

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A DEAR OLD GOOSE.

It was a good thing to know Jack Harris. If you wanted five dollars he'd let you have it; if you got into a scrape he'd do his utmost to get you out of it; if you were down on your luck and turned into his chambers he'd set himself to find out the cause of your depression and contrive to lighten your heart before bidding you good night. He would have enjoyed an independency and been a rich man with a little selfishness in his disposition.

One morning he received a letter from Altoona. It ran thus:

DEAR JACK—I am about to pay the great debt of nature. Unhappily, it is the only one which will not remain unpaid. You lent me $400 long ago. I have never forgotten your kindness to me—a comparative stranger. The only testimony of affectionate remembrance I can give is to appoint you sole guardian of my child, who will come on to you as soon as I am under the sod. Adieu forever, dear Jack. Your friend, ROBERT HALLECK.

This letter did not surprise Jack Harris—he was accustomed to finding himself executor to men who could rely on no one else to put their affairs in order and settle up their arrears. But it did embarrass him when some three weeks later a tall young woman of eighteen or thereabouts walked into his chambers and announced herself as the child of Robert Halleck, and his ward.

* * * * *

What was he to do with his ward? That question perplexed Jack Harris exceedingly while the young lady was eating the biscuit and sipping the coffee which he had instinctively put before her. She was too old to send to school, and she was not old enough to put in an almshouse. As her guardian it was his first duty to see that she didn't get into any trouble, and how could he rest secure if he sent such a bright, fresh, innocent, attractive young creature as she out of sight.

He solved the difficulty at length in this way: He took the rooms, had them furnished and installed Miss Halleck in them with an old woman to wait upon her and be a companion, who was recommended by half a dozen respectable persons.

* * * * *

But it was as impossible to keep Miss Halleck in her room as to retain a bird in a cage when the door is left open.

When Jack came out of his dressing-room in the morning he found her in his sitting-room, and he couldn't get her out of it until it was absolutely necessary to go to bed. But for all that she was not troublesome. When he had work to do she became so still and silent that he wouldn't have known that she was in the room but for a glimpse of her bright head over the back of a big chair, where she sat reading a book selected at his recommendation, and never stirred till he signified that the work was done. Then it was as if a pack of children had suddenly been set free from school. She filled the place with life and sound; she was all over the room at once with laughter, snatches of song and scraps of nonsense, all so fresh and delightful to Jack's somewhat blase senses that it seemed to carry him into a new world of which he had no conception. He found time to take her out and about a good deal—at first for her own sake, fearing his quiet mode of living would weary her, and then for his own, finding his greatest happiness arose from watching her delight in the new experiences of Bellefonte life.

The old woman upstairs did not murmur. She was pious and sleepy and loved nothing better than to dose into forgetfulness over a volume of Beecher's Sermons, which she certainly would not have been able to do had Miss Halleck been in her rooms.

* * * * *

Gradually the girl altered. She became less careless and boisterous. She ceased to tease Harris and was still and mouse-like when there was no necessity—so far as his work was concerned. Then she ceased to come down to his rooms unasked. He tried to treat that as a joke, and sent an ironically formal letter asking to have the pleasure of her company to tea. She took the note in all seriousness and came sharp to the time he had appointed, looking pale and a little frightened, as though she expected to be charged with some fault, and it needed a rather embarassing explanation to make her understand that the formality was a joke.

All this troubled Jack not a little, and he tried to get at the reason of her altered manners and ways. Had she received bad news from Altoona? No. Was she getting homesick? No. Did she sigh to see her old friends again? No; she had no old friends, and Altoona was the dearest place in all the world to her.

Failing to get any satisfactory explanation from the old woman, Harris tried the old woman when Miss Halleck had gone out for a walk—latterly she had fallen into the habit of walking out alone, without hinting at the object of her walk.

Shaking the old woman out of her slumbers, he asked her straightly what was the matter with her young lady.

"Lor', sir! don't you take any notice of that," said the duenna, with a cunning look in her puckered eyes. "'Tain't nothing but what she'll grow out of. Every young gal's like that when she first falls in love."

Harris saw it all clearly enough now. Her silence—her solitude seeking—her unexplained promenades—all were clearly enough accounted for by the fact that the girl had found some young fellow to love. It was all natural enough, yet somehow Harris was not satisfied. Yet he saw how inevitable the thing was.

"Can't expect her to keep always a child for my amusement," thought he.

* * * * *

"Kitty," said he one day, "I've found out your secret."

"What secret?" she gasped, sinking into a chair, trembling and white.

"Don't be frightened, my child," he said, drawing his chair to her side; "we have been brought into relation of father and daughter, and all the tenderness a daughter commands from her father I hope you will find in me."

"Yes, yes, yes."

"The secret I have found out is not a very dreadful one. You are in love."

She covered her scarlet cheeks with her hands, and presently mustering up her courage, she said—

"Yes, I am in love."

"Well, if the young fellow is worthy of your love, I cannot object to that. The only possible harm would be in your loving someone who was undeserving."

"Oh, he is the best—best 'young fellow' in the world."

"That is just the one thing which is open to question. Your judgement can scarcely be trusted in such a matter, and so I must beg you to let me act for you. Believe me, I shall be indulgent. Come, tell me his name."

"I can't."

"What, he has told you that he loves you, and not let you know his name?"

"He hasn't told me that he loves me."

"Good heavens, Kitty! Then you don't know if this fellow loves you at all?"

"Oh, I'm nearly certain he loves me."

"But does he know that you love him?"

"I don't think he does. There's the difficulty, you see. If I could only let him know that I love him, I think it would be all right."

Harris was silent before this marvel of ingenuous simplicity.

"Well, what do you propose to do Kitty?" he asked after a pause.

"I don't know, quite. You see, I should die of shame if I made any advance and he misconstrued it, or did not respond as I should like him to do."

"Oh, I understand your delicacy, my dear child."

"And so I have rather avoided giving him any testimony of my affection than make it known to him. But we can't go on like that forever, can we?"

"Not if you want to get married," said Harris, with a laugh.

"And so I thought that perhaps the best thing I could do would be to write to him—only, I don't quite know how to begin. Can you help me?"

"I'll try, though it's a precious difficult job for an old bachlor to tackle. However, we'll make the attempt. Here's a scrap of paper." (He took an old envelope from his pocket, tore it open and spread it on his card-case). "Now, how shall we begin?—better say 'sir'—there's no knowing what he is—may be the biggest blackguard under the the sun."

"I don't think he is," said Miss Halleck, in parenthesis.

"Ten to one he is, though!" said Harris under his breath, and, perhaps at that moment the wish was father to the thought. "Well, there we are—'sir'—new, what's to come next?"

Miss Halleck hid her face in her hands again, was silent a minute, and then murmured, tremblingly, "I love you."

"Oh, hang it all, I can't write that," said Harris.

"Why not, it's the truth? And what else can I say?"

That was a poser.

"Well, said Harris at length' "if it must be—Let me see, what did you say?'

'I love you."

"I love you,' there it is. What next?"

"Why that's all."

"That's all?"

"What else is there to say? If he don't love me when he reads that—" Miss Halleck finished the sentence with a sigh.

"Rummiest letter I've ever written," thought Harris. "But, Kitty," he said, "what's the use of this letter now it's written. We don't know the fellow's name."

Miss Halleck snatched the paper out of his hand, threw it into the hearth and made for the door. Amazed at this outburst of temper Harris ran after her and caught her.

"I beg you won't be angry with me." he implored. "You don't know how deeply I feel in this affair, dear. You said you couldn't tell me his name—"

She hesitated a moment and then in desperation cried:

"I can't tell you his name; but isn't it written on the back of the letter you have been making such a muddle over, you dear old goose?"

Harris glanced at the scrap of paper in the hearth. The envelope had turned over and he saw his own name and address.

Then he went down on his knees and made himself more than ever a "dear old goose."

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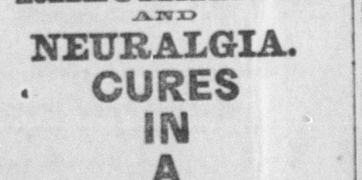

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RAILROADS

BALD EAGLE VALLEY RAILROAD.—TIME Table, Nov. 16, 1891.

STATIONS	Dis	A.M	A.M	P.M.
			WESTWARD	
LOCK HAVEN		4 40	9 18	4 20
Flemington—f	1.8	4 43	9 18	4 23
Mill Hall	3.0	4 46	9 21	4 26
Beech Creek	5.3	4 56	9 33	4 38
Eagleville—f	9.9	4 59	9 36	4 40
Howard	14.5	5 07	9 44	4 49
Mt. Eagle—f	17.7	5 14	9 58	4 55
Curtin	19.9	5 18	9 01	5 02
Milesburg	23.5	5 25	10 11	5 19
BELLEFONTE	25.2	5 35	10 25	5 30
Milesburg	28.5	5 45	10 35	5 30
Snow Shoe Int	24.8	5 48	10 40	5 39
Unionville	23.5	5 55	10 48	5 41
Julian	32.9	6 06	10 59	5 50
Martha	37.0	6 14	11 26	5 59
Port Matilda	40.4	6 21	1129	6 06
Hannah—f	43.7	6 28	11 93	6 13
Fowler—f	45.0	6 30	11 49	6 15
Dix—f	46.3	6 33	11 32	6 12
Bald Eagle	49.5	6 40	11 38	6 25
Vail	51.2	6 44	11 48	6 29
East Tyrone	53.0	6 48	11 48	6 33
TYRONE	56.3	6 55	11 55	6 40

STATIONS	Dis	A.M	P. M.	P. M.
		EASTWARD		
TYRONE		7 55	3 10	7 25
East Tyrone	1.3	8 02	3 17	7 32
Vail	3.1	8 15	3 29	7 36
Bald Eagle	5.0	8 10	3 24	7 41
Dix—f	8.8	8 15	3 30	7 47
Fowler—f	9.3	8 17	3 33	7 50
Hannah—f	10.6	8 21	3 37	7 54
Port Matilda	13.9	8 28	3 44	8 01
Martha	17.3	8 36	3 52	8 19
Julian	21.4	8 44	4 01	8 29
Unionville	25.8	8 55	4 10	8 39
Snow Shoe Int	29.5	9 03	4 17	8 40
Milesburg	30.8	9 07	4 20	8 44
BELLEFONTE	33.5	9 17	4 30	8 04
Milesburg	30.8	9 32	4 40	9 18
Curtin	34.4	9 46	4 47	9 19
Mt Eagle—f	36.6	9 51	4 55	9 28
Howard	39.8	10 01	5 02	9 28
Eagleville—f	44.4	10 15	5 10	9 40
Beech Creek	45.0	10 20	5 15	9 45
Mill Hall	51.3	10 35	5 24	10 01
Flemington	52.5	10 28	5 27	10 05
LOCK HAVEN	54.3	10 45	5 39	10 10

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE RAILROAD Time Table in effect Dec. 14th, 1890.

Westward Dis.			Stations	Dis.	Eastward	
P.M	A.M				A.M	P.M
5 05	9 31		SCOTIA	25.6	9 21	4 47
5 25	10 21	5.3	Fairbrook	20.3	8 69	4 27
5 27	10 28	8.7	Penna. Furnace	16.9	8 56	4 15
5 44	10 34	10.6	Hostler f	15.0	8 59	4 03
5 50	10 46	12.3	Marengo f	13.3	8 43	4 01
5 57	10 52	13.5	Loveville f	12.1	8 37	3 55
6 04	10 58	15.2	Furnace Road f	10.4	8 31	3 49
6 08	11 02	15.8	Dungarvin f	9.8	8 27	3 46
6 18	11 10	18.2	Warriors Mark	7.4	8 19	3 39
6 28	11 20	20.5	Pennington	5.1	8 10	3 30
6 40	11 32	23.5	Stover	2.1	7 59	3 1
6 50	11 40	25.6	TYRONE		7 50	3 1

BELLEFONTE & SNOW SHOE RAILROAD.—Time Table, Nov. 24 1890.

Leaves Snow Shoe at 6.45 a m; arrives at Bellefonte at 8.45 a m.

Leaves Bellefonte at 10.30 a m; arrives at Snow Shoe at 12.15 a m.

Leaves Snow Shoe at 3.00 p m arrives at Bellefonte at 4.50 p m.

Leaves Bellefont at 5.25 p m, arrives at Snow Shoe at 7.00 p m.

S S BLAIR, General Supt.

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE R. R.—BELLEFONTE, NITTANY AND LEMONT R. R. To take effect Nov. 24th, 1890

Dis.	Westward				Eastward		
	a.m.	p.m.		a.m.	a.m.	p.m
.0	5.50	2.15	MONTANDON	5.39	9.20	5.45
1.5	6.15	2.25	Ar. LEWISBURG Lv	5.29	9.10	5.35
1.5	6.15	2.25	Lv. LEWISBURG Ar		9.10	5 35
5.4	6.20	2.35	Biehl f		9.00	5.24
6.5	6.35	2.40	Vicksburg f		8.53	5.29
10.7	6.45	2.50	MIFFLINBURG		8.43	5.10
13.1	6.52	2.57	Barber f		8.36	5.0
15.2	6.58	3.03	Swengle f		8.30	4.5
16.1	7.00	3.05	Millmont		8.27	4.5
18.6	7.08	3.14	LAURELTON		8.17	4.46
23.5	7.19	3.25	Pardee f		8.06	4.35
24.9	7.23	3.33	Cherry Run f		7.53	4.22
27.2	7.25	3.45	Paddy Mt. Tunnel f		7.46	4.12
29.9	7.48	3.54	Ingleby f		7.39	4.07
36.6	7.58	4.00	Coburn		7.30	4.00
39.6	8.01	4.05	Zerby f		7.21	3.52
43.4	8.10	4.17	Rising Springs		7.12	3.43
46.2	8.15	4.25	Penn's Cave f		7.05	3.37
49.2	8.24	4.30	CENTRE HALL		6.58	3.28
51.6	8.32	4.37	Gregg f		6.51	3.23
54.6	8.37	4.43	Linden Hall		6.43	3.14
56.7	8.42	4.48	OAK HALL		6.38	3.11
58.3	8.46	4.52	LEMONT		6.34	
60.2	8.51	4.57	Dale Summit f		6.29	
63.9	9.00	5.06	Pleasant Gap f		6.19	
65.2	9.04	5.10	Axeman f		6.14	
67.4	9.10	5.15	BELLEFONTE		6.10	2.45

CHAS E. PUGH ..... General Manager
ROBERT NEILSON ..... General Superintendent
E. B. WESTFALL ..... Superintendent

BELLEFONTE CENTRAL RAILROAD.—On and after Wednesday, August 7, 1889, Trains on the Bellefonte and Buffalo Run Railroad will run as follows, leaving the PENN'A RAIL-ROAD STATION.

EASTWARD.				WESTWARD.		
No.6	No.2	Dis.	STATIONS	Dis.	No.1	No.3
P.M	A.M				A.M	P.M
6 23	9 10	18.	Ar. BELLEFONTE Lv	0.	6 00	3 00
6 13	9 03	17.	Scales	1.	6 07	3 07
6 08	8 59	16.	Morris	2.	6 11	3 11
6 03	8 54	15.	Whitmer	4.	6 16	3 16
5 59	8 51		Linn		6 19	3 23
5 57	8 48	12.5	Hunters	5.5	6 22	3 26
5 53	8 44	11.2	Filmore	6.8	9 26	3 30
5 47	8 40	9.5	Briarly	8.5	6 32	3 36
5 43	8 36	8.	Waddles	10.	6 38	3 43
	8 33		Matterns			3 45
	8 25		Stormstown			3 53
	8 19		Hel Bank			3 59
5 39	8 09	6.9	Scotia Crossing	11.1	6 46	4 09
5 24	7 25	2.	Krumride	16.	7 00	4
5 20	7 20	0.	LV STATE COLLEGE AR	18.	7 04	5

Trains will stop at stations marked "F" when signal is given or notice to Conductor.

Train 2 connects with Trains east and west E V R R and S S Branch.

Train 6 connects with Trains east on B E R and the S S Branch.

THOS. A. SHOEMAKER, Supt

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD (Philadelphia and Erie Division.)—On and after Dec. 24th, 1890.

		WESTWARD	
ERIE MAIL leaves Phila daily			11 25 p m
"	"	Harrisburg	3 39 a m
"	"	William'port	7 10 a m
"	"	Jersey Shore	7 31 a m
"	"	Lock Haven	7 55 a m
"	"	Renovo	8 55 a m
"	arrives Erie		3 40 p m
EXPRESS, leaves Phila week d'ys			8 50 a m
"	"	Harrsburg	12 00 m
"	arrives at Wmsport		5 20 p m
"	"	Lock Haven	6 10 p m
"	"	Renvo	5 15 p m
"	"	Kane	9 20 p m
Passengers by this train arrive in Bellefonte at			5 20 p m
FAST LINE leaves Phila. week days			11 40 a m
"	"	Harrisburg	3 45 p m
"	"	Williamsport	7 10 p m
"	arrives at Lock Haven		8 02 p m
"	"	Renovo	9 00 p m
NEWS EX. l'ves Philadelphia			4 35 a m
"	"	Harrisburg	8 10 a m
"	"	Williamsport	11 20 a m
"	" arrives at Lock Haven		12 15 p m
Wms'port Ex. l'ves Phila			4 25 p m
"	"	Harrisburg	7 32 p m
"	" arrive Williamsport		10 20 p m
		EASTWARD.	
Sea Shore Express l'vs L Haven w			7 20 a m
"	"	Jersey Shore	7 48 a m
"	"	Wms'port	8 25 a m
"	arrives at Harrisburg		11 25 a m
"	"	Phila	3 15 a m
DAY EX. leaves Kane week days			6 30 a m
"	"	Renovo	10 20 a m
"	"	Lock Haven	11 20 a m
"	"	Williamsport	12 30 p m
"	arrives at Harrisburg		3 30 p m
"	"	Philadelphia	6 50 p m
ERIE MAIL leaves Erie daily			5 27 p m
"	"	Renovo	10 35 p m
"	"	Lock Haven	11 25 p m
"	"	Williamsport	12 25 p m
"	arrives at Harrisburg		3 22 p m
"	"	Philadelphia	6 50 p m
RENOVO ACN leaves Renovo			4 45 p m
"	"	arrives at Harrisburg	10 05 p m
"	"	Philadelphia	4 25 a m
WMS'PORT EXP. lv,s Wms'port			2 42 a m
"	"	arrives at Harrisburg	5 30 a m
"	leaves	"	7 00 a m
"	arrives at Philadelphia		10 20 a m

Erie Mail West, Niagra Express West, and Day Express East make close connection at Lock Haven with B. E. V. R. R. trains.

Erie Mail East and West connect at Erie with trains on L. S. & M. S. R. R. at Corry with B. P. & W. N. N; at Emporium with B. N. Y. & P. R. R. and at Driftwood with B. V. R. R.

ROBERT NEILSON Passenger Agent

Bellefonte Republican.

The Best Advertising Medium in Central Pennsylvania.

A forty-eight column paper devoted to the interests of the Republican party. Published at Bellefonte, Pa., at $1.50 per annum

BY EDWARD T. TUTEN.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

SPACE OCCUPIED.	3m	6m	1y
One inch (12 lines this type	$ 5	$ 8	$ 12
Two inches	7	10	15
Three inches	10	15	20
Four inches	11	17	25
Quarter column	12	20	30
Half column	20	35	55
One column	35	55	100

All advertisements, whether displayed or blank lines, measured by lines of this type.

All advertisements due after the first insertion.

Special notices inserted in our local columns at 20 cents per line for each insertion, unless otherwise agreed, by the month, quarter or year.

Editorial notices, in our local columns, 25 cents per line for each insertion.

Professional or Business Cards, not exceeding 10 lines this type, $8 per annum.

All advertisements for a less term than three months 20 cents per line for the first three insertions, and 5 cents per line for each additional insertion.

Advertisers, and especially Advertising Agents, are respectfully informed that no notice will be taken of orders to insert advertisments at less rates than the above, nor will any notice be given to orders of parties unknown to the publisher, unless accompanied by the cash. EDWARD T. TUTEN.

COUNTY EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

The following named gentlemen compose the Republican Executive Committee of Centre County for the year 1892.

Wilbur F. Reeder, Chairman, Bellefonte
W. L. Malin, Secretary. "
H. P. Harris, Ass't Secretary "
H. C. Quigley. " "

DISTRICT.	NAME.	ADDRESS.
Bellefonte, N W	W I. Fleming	Bellefonte
" S W	J A Aikens	"
" W W	S. H. Williams	"
Centre Hall boro.	B S Brisbin	Centre Hall
Howard "	Robert Cooke Jr.	Howard
Milesburg "	John Confer	Milesburg
Millheim "	J F Harter	Millheim
Phillipsburg	"1 W S S Crissman	Phillipsburg
"	"2 W H C Warfel	Phillipsburg
"	"3 W Capt Harry Simler	"
Unionville "	Riley Pratt	Fleming
Benner Twp	Jos. H Marshall	Bellefonte
Boggs Twp E P	J M Parker	Roland
Boggs Twp W P	C P Stonerode	Milesburg
Boggs Twp N P	Jacob Yarnell	Milesburg
Burnside Twp	Delon G. Stewart	Mosbannon
College Twp E P	Wm Thompson Jr	Lemont
College Twp W P	Philip D Foster	State Coll.
Curtin "	William Robb	Romola
Ferguson Twp E P	Claudius B Hess	Fairbrook
Ferguson " W P	John Campbell	
Gregg " N P	Isaac Smith	Farmers Mills
Gregg " S P	John D Long	Spring Mills
Haines " E P	Chas Bressler	Pleasler
Haines " W P	James P Coburn	Aaronsb'g
Half Moon "	Cyrus W Hunter	Stormstown
Harris "	Scott Bricker	Boalsburg
Howard "	N. G. Pletcher	Howard
Huston "	Ira F Davis	Julian
Liberty "	D M Burlew	Blanchard
Marion "	S H Bennison	Walker
Miles "	Henry G Royer	Wolfs Store
Patton "	George F Stevenson	Buf'lo Run
Penn "	W F Rearick	Coburn
Potter Twp N P	James Gregg	Centre Hall
Potter " S P	Alexander McCoy	Pot'rs Mills
Rush " N P	David Kinkead	Philipsburg
Rush " S P	Sanford White	Sandy Ridge
Snow Shoe E P	J. K. McVullen	Snow Shoe
Snow Shoe W P	John A Yeager	Moshannon
Spring Twp N P	John A Dubbs	Bellefonte
Spring " S P	M P Riddle	Pleasant Gap
Spring " W P	W H Poorman	Bellefonte
Taylor "	John Weaver	Port Matilda
Union "	B W Shipley	Fleming
Walker "	O P Wilson	Hublersburg
Worth "	S R. Pringle	Port Matilda

NEW ORLEANS FIRE-SWEPT.

One of the Most Destructive Cotton Fires On Record Yesterday.

NEW ORLEANS, La., April 3.—One of the most destructive cotton fires on record broke out at 10.30 this morning among some cotton on the sidewalk in front of the fire-proof press on North Front street, between Race and Orange. A general alarm was sent out, but the efforts of the firemen were powerless owing to the high wind prevailing. The firemen finally confined their efforts to saving surrounding property.

The district burned over is bounded by Peters, Front, Thalia and Robinax streets and the place destroyed—fire-proof—Penrose Bros., managers, South Front street, corner Robin; Shipper, Boyd & Perrick, proprietors, South Peters street, between Henderson and Robin; Independence cotton Yards, South Peters street; Orleans Cotton Press, Adam Lorch, manager, South Peters street. The total amount of cotton burned, as near as can now be ascertained, is estimated at 80,000 bales, held by factors and commission merchants and covered by their open policies. Much of this cotton will be sent to the pickeries and saved, so that the total loss will probably not exceed $30 per bale, making the total loss on account of cotton between two and two and a quarter millions of dollars. The loss on presses and sheds is estimated at $150,000.

It is thought the fire started from a cigarette which some person threw among the cotton. For blocks around the burning presses the residents moved out their furniture for fear that the fire would spread to their homes. In their flight they would often throw down their parcels in the streets, where the number of fire thieves, who are generally in attendance on these occasions, got in their work.

While the firemen were working on the fireproof press the walls suddenly shook and in an instant come tumbling down, and to the horror of the already excited crowd three men were seen falling under the mass. Willing hands were soon working on the walls and shortly the unfortunate firemen were taken from the ruins moaning and crying with pain. They were removed to a hospital where their injuries were dressed. Their names are Captain Alfred Dupee, Lieutenant Shaw and Pipeman Padeaux. Dupee was slightly injured but the other two were badly hnrt.

When the cotton press fire was raging an alarm was sent in for a fire in the residence portion of the city. At the time the fire department, police and a large majority of the residents of the burning district were at the cotton press fire. A gale was blowing and the flames were fanned in all directions. Chief O'Connor sent several engines to the scene, Second and Third streets, but before they could get down to active work a dozen houses were in flames. Alarms were sent in and every engine on both sides of the river were summoned to the scene.

The heat was intense and for this reason it was almost unbearable near the burning buildings, the wind in many instances blowing tongues of flame across the street. The people who live in the square bounded by Lawrd, Magazine, Second and Third streets began to feel alarmed and packed up valuables, but as the elements refused to be subsided they took to fright and a wild scene ensued. Houses were dismantled of their contents and carried away. House after house went down and the efforts of the firemen seemed in vain in the face of the overwhelming odds. Crowds gathered from far and near and men and boys piled in regardless of the fact that they had on their best clothes, and assisted in removing furniture. The fire swept across Laurel street with a rapidity that was at once alarming, and soon the section bounded by First, Third, Laurel and Magazine streets—four blocks—were ablaze and the wooded buildings were devoured as if they were so much chaff. Magazine stayed the march of the destructive element westward and acted as a barrier of the south.

Every building in the four squares mentioned except four, were destroyed. Most of the houses were small, but some were very handsome. Hundreds of people have been left homeless by the fire and in many cases nothing was saved from the burning buildings. The scene presented was truly one of desolation. Nothing remains of the many handsome buildings embraced in the four squares but tall, gaunt-looking chimneys like huge spectral forms standing guard over the blackened ruins. The losses by fire are estimated at $260,000. It is believed the buildings are mostly insured.

LIST OF PATENTS.

Granted to Pennsylvania inventors this week. Reported by C. A. Snow & Co., Solicitors of American & Foreign Patents, Opp. U. S. Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

T. E. Brink, Dunmore, Pipe-holder. W. Burnley, Northeast, Galvanic battery. F. P. Cobham, Warren, Extension-table. J. Elcock, Mechanicsbnrg, Gate. C. Forster, Pittsburg-Mach. for making candles. T. V. Forster, Avalon Ornamanted candle D. W. Jones, Braddock, Device for dressing nails. S. D. King, Pittston, Car-truck. D. F. Lepley, Connyllsville. Steam-pump-W. McConway, Pittsburg, Car-coupler-J. A. McDougall, Pittston, Puzzle. W. Moran, Erie Paper-fruit basket. G. A. Piper, Pittsburg, Temporary binder. W. Richards, Mayburry, Tool for raising casing tubes or rods. H. S. Semmel, Slatngton, Slate-frame. J. Shannon, Pittsburg, Graining wood surfaces. P. J. Shrum & J. T. Howarth, Beaver Falls, Carpet or oil-cloth protector. F. S. Smith, Pittsburg, Making incandescent electric lamps. J. W. Snyder & C. McMahon Pittsburg, Railway car trap-door. W. Webber. Pittsburg Well-drill. A. G. E. Westmacott & J. P Hutchison, Newton, Railway tie; & track-fastening. F. E: Youngs, Allegheny, Bicycle-handle.

PALO ALTO.

HUMPHREYS' VETERINARY SPECIFICS are now used on the stock farm of Gov. Stanford, the home of SUNOL, ARION, PALO ALTO etc. This completes the list of prominent stock owners who have adopted the use of HUMPHREYS' VETERINARY SPECIFICS.

He—Can you keep a secret?
She—Certainly I can.
He—Then I'd like to tell you that I want to get married.
She—You don't say so!
He—Yes, and I don't want anybody but you to know it.—[Ex.

—Mr. Joseph Dillen, editor of the Daily News, visited Bellefonte on Wednesday. He left on the five o'clock train again for Altoona.

A woman's aim is to look her best—but she'll never reach it without perfect health. For perfect health, take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. All the functional irregularities and weaknesses that make life miserable to women, are cured by it. It's a powerful, invigorating tonic, and a soothing and strengthening nervine—purely vegetable, perfectly harmless. For ulcerations, displacements, bearing-down sensations, unnatural discharges—everything that's known as a "female complaint"—it's a positive remedy. It's the only one that's *guaranteed* to give satisfaction *in every case*. It costs you nothing, unless it helps you. You can afford to try it, on these terms. Can you afford to neglect it?

Run Away.

Last Wednesday a horse attached to a light wagon loaded with a part of a barrel of fish team and horse belonging to Theadore Atwood of Bellefonte, was standing at a house near the stone school house on Linn street took fright and started down Allegheny street to Bishop thence to Spring thence to High when turning down High the horse struck a post at Centre County bank and turned a complete Summersault, no damage was done to the wagon except the breaking of one shaft. The barrel of fish was upset, it was a wonder the animal was not immediately killed it got up however apparently unhurt. It was a mustang pony.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

Book of Flowers.

This office is in receipt of a very beautiful Book on Flowers from Mr. Harry Chaapel, the popular Florist and Seedsman, of Williamsport, Penn. It tells all about the good things he has to offer you in Flowers, Plants and Seeds, and is indeed a beauty, being elegantly printed and illustrated and is full of suggestions of value to those who cultivate Flowers, Vegetables, etc. It is a works of which the well known Florist may well feel proud. It will be mailed to those interested enclosing a two-cent stamp for postage.

BABYHOOD, the mothers' nursery guide, discusses in its April number the question whether children can outgrow catarrh. The writer, Dr. D. B. Delavan, a well known authority on subjects, takes strong ground against the popular idea that time will work a cure in the case of chronic catarrh and shows clearly the danger of neglect. Another important medical article is that on "Headaches of Children," by Dr. C. L. Dodge. The mothers themselves contribute a number of interesting letters to the "Parliament" on such topics as "Baby's Naps,' 'Rational Dress for Little Girls," Gardening for Children," "The Traditions of the Elders," Corperal Punishment," etc. An entertaining little drama in one act, entitled, "The Debate Suspended," shows how one baby took matters into its own hands while the parents disputed as to its management. In the department of "Nursery Problems" the medical editor answers questions as to "Weaning," "Small Appetite," "Bed Wetting," etc. $2 per year. Sample copies free on application to the BABYHOOD PUBLISHING CO., 5 Beekman Street, New York.

TABLE TALK.—MRS. RORER'S magazine for April if filled with good things in the way of cookery as well as with other subjects pertaining to the domain of the housewife. TABLE TALK stands alone in its peculiar field. There is no publication that can take its place and none that the prudent housewife could so ill afford to do without. For one dollar a year she can bid defiance to the multitude of vexatious problems that will intrude themselves in the way of inexperienced housewife, and sometimes of the experienced one. The magazine is published by the Table Talk Publishing Co., 1113 Chestnut St., Phila.

The plague of breaking lamp-chimneys is abroad in the land.

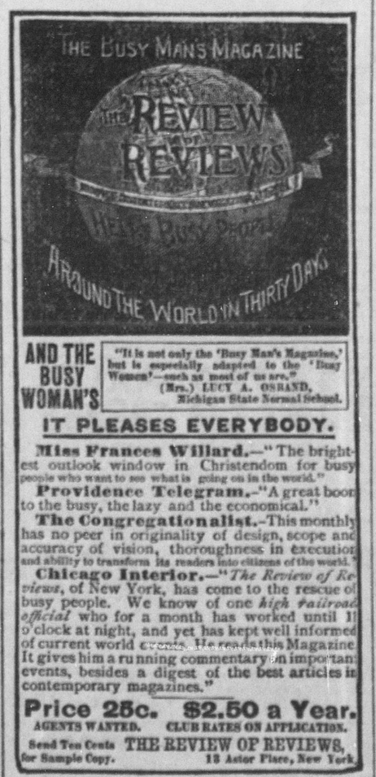
There are two sorts of chimneys; brittle and tough. Ninety-nine in a hundred are brittle. The worst are imported from Germany. The best are Macbeth's "Pearl-top" & "Pearl-glass."

Two sorts as to workmanship; fine and coarse. The fine are Macbeth's "Pearl-top" and "Pearl-glass." The coarse are rough and out of proportion; misfits and misshapen; they do not make a good draft; they smoke.

Two sorts as to glass; transparent and gray. "Pearl-top" and "Pearl-glass" are clear, fine and tough—not tough against accident—tough against heat.

Call for "Pearl-top" or "Pearl-glass" chimneys.

Pittsburgh, Pa, GEO. A. MACBETH & Co.



AND THE BUSY WOMAN'S

"It is not only the 'Busy Man's Magazine,' but is especially adapted to the 'Busy Women'—such as most of us are."
(Mrs.) LUCY A. OSBAND,
Michigan State Normal School.

IT PLEASES EVERYBODY.

Miss Frances Willard.—"The brightest outlook window in Christendom for busy people who want to see what is going on in the world."

Providence Telegram.—"A great boon to the busy, the lazy and the economical."

The Congregationalist.—This monthly has no peer in originality of design, scope and accuracy of vision, thoroughness in execution and ability to transform its readers into citizens of the world."

Chicago Interior.—"*The Review of Reviews*, of New York, has come to the rescue of busy people. We know of one *high railroad official* who for a month has worked until 11 o'clock at night, and yet has kept well informed of current world events. He reads this Magazine It gives him a running commentary on important events, besides a digest of the best articles in contemporary magazines."

Price 25c. $2.50 a Year.
AGENTS WANTED. CLUB RATES ON APPLICATION.
Send Ten Cents for Sample Copy. THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS, 13 Astor Place, New York

HE Missed his Opportunity! DON'T Miss Yours, Reader. The majority neglect their opportunities, and from that cause live in poverty and die in obscurity! Harrowing despair is the lot of many, as they look back on lost, forever lost, opportunity. **Life is passing!** Reach out. Be up and doing. Improve your opportunity, and secure prosperity, prominence, peace. It was said by a philosopher, that "the Goddess of Fortune offers a **golden** opportunity to each person at some period of life; embrace the chance, and she pours out her riches; fail to do so and she departs, *never* to return." How shall you find the GOLDEN opportunity? Investigate every chance that appears worthy, and of fair promise; that is what all successful men do. Here is an opportunity, such as is not often within the reach of laboring people. Improved, it will give, at least, a grand start in life. The GOLDEN opportunity for many is here. **Money** to be made rapidly and honorably by any industrious person of either sex. All ages. You can do the work and live at home, wherever you are. Even beginners are easily earning from $5 to $10 per day. You can do as well if you will work, not too hard, but incessantly; and you can increase your income as you go on. You can give spare time only, or all your time to the work. Easy to learn. Capital not required. We start you. All is comparatively new and really wonderful. We instruct and show you how, free. Failure unknown among our workers. No room to explain here. Write and learn all free, by return mail. Unwise to delay. Address at once. **H. Hallett & Co., Box 880, Portland, Maine.**

OUR LIVER IN SPRING.

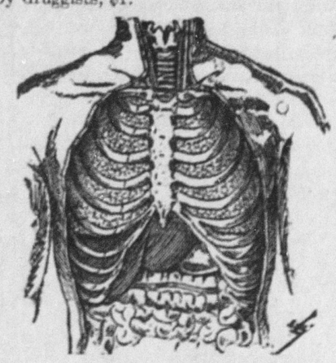
What People Ought to Know of it.

THE LIVER

The nerves which control our liver often become weakened, irritated, diseased especially in the Spring. The function of the liver is disturbed, and torpid liver or disordered action results. Hence the bile, which is waste and poisonous material designed to be expelled, is not properly secreted and eliminated from the body. Thus retained, it causes indigestion, dyspepsia, gas bloating, biliousness, constipation, bad taste, malaria, headache, dizziness, dull head, nervousness, and, particularly during Spring, weak, languid and tired feeling. *If not cured this condition leads to fatal liver and kidney diseases.* All persons need a medicine to stimulate and regulate the liver and strengthen their nerve force in the spring.

The Grip also, had a peculiarly weakening affect upon the nerves and liver and thousands who had this disease have never recovered their former health.

The best remedy and most certain cure for liver complaints and weak nerves is Dr. Greene's Nervura, which restores digestion, corrects the disordered liver, regulates the bowels, invigorates the blood and by strengthening and vitalizing the nerves, re-establishes health and strength. It is purely vegetable, harmless, and sold by druggists, $1.



WHERE YOUR LIVER IS.

"I was taken sick with liver disease and ulceration of the bowels; my heart was also affected. I was finally confined to my bed three months. A consultation of physicians was held, and *I was pronounced incurable*. After that I stopped taking their remedies, and began the use of Dr. Greene's Nervura. Previous to this I could not sleep, my nerves were excitable and spasmodic, my stomach would not bear food, vomiting almost constantly. Soon after beginning Dr. Greene's Nervura I slept better, and my stomach would bear light food. I continued to gain until I could get out. I now work the greater portion of the time, and feel that Dr. Greene's Nervura *saved my life*.

JAMES MEEHAN,
57 Granite st., Quincy, Mass."

Dr. Greene, the successful specialist in curing all forms of nervous and chronic diseases, 35 W. 14th street, New York, can be consulted *free*, personally or by letter. Call or write to him about your case or send for symptom blank to fill out, and a letter fully explaining your disease, giving advice, &c., will be returned free.

The Modern Name for It.

"That's a rather tricky young fellow to whom you introduced me."

"Tricky!"

"Yes. tricky. He has worked off some Pennsylvania oil well shares on to me that are absolutely worthless."

"Tricky! That's not tricky, man. That's business sagacity."

The Great Family Newspaper

THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE,

WASHINGTON D. C

THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE aims to be the greatest family paper in the United States. It has the

THE FINEST ARRAY OF CONTRIBUTORS

in the country, and gives

MORE ORIGINAL READING MATTER.

of the best quality, than any other great weekly.

Among its present special features are:

Vanquishing Vicksburg. By Prof. C. A. Hobbs, of the Delvan (Wis.) College. Prof. Hobbs was First Sergeant of Co. B. 99th Ill., and fought the entire campaign which he so graphically describes. He commences with the camp at Milliken's Bend and carries the reader through all the campaign, giving a boy soldier's views of the marching, camping, fighting, scenery, Generals, etc. It will be read with great interest by all.

Indian Stories. A series of Exciting Narratives of Life, Loving, Hunting, and Fighting on the Western Frontier. By Col. Henry Inman, the popular author.

Larz Beverly. An Interesting Romance. By Mrs. Olive Logan Sikes, the noted writer.

On the Mexican Border. By Col. A. G. Bracket, U. S. A.

A Noble Atonement. An Interesting Story By Mme. Sophie Redfield de Meissner, of the Russian Legation.

South Africa. A Series of Letters from the Diamond Fields. By H. H. B. Harrison, of Johannisberg, South Africa.

Among the Moonshiners of North Carolina. By Gen. Marcus J. Wright.

South American Sketches. By Capt. Almont Barnes.

Frank G. Carpenter will continue his interesting letters.

Prof. Felix L. Oswald will continue his attractive articles.

This is only a partial list. Other attractive features will be announced from time to time.

"WAR HISTORY," by men who actually saw and did what they write about. It makes a specialty of this, and the contributions to its columns by the men in every rank and degree who did the marching, digging, and shooting and carried forward the war through all its various phases to a glorious success, making the only genuine history of the war.

It makes a specialty of

G. A. R. NEWS
W. R. C. NEWS.
SONS OF VETERANS NEWS.
WASHINGTON GOSSIP.

It makes a special feature of matters of interest at the National Capital, and gives a weekly budget of entertaining gossip about men and things at the seat of government.

Besides this it presents every week a splendid array of Editorials on Current Topics—Stories by the Best Authors—Wit, Humor, and Information—Agricultural Notes of the Greatest Value—Household Hints and Suggestions—Synopsis of the News of the Week—Answers to Corrospondents—Bright Miscellany, etc., which will interest, amuse, and instruct **every member of the family.**

THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE will constantly be made better and more interesting.

ONLY TWO CENTS A WEEK

or $1 a year.

Send for Sample Copies. Sample Copies sent free.

Address, **THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE, Washington, D. C.**

Maximilian Was Treacherous.

The veteran Mexican general, Mariano Escobedo, has settled, by a recent statement, an interesting historical question, which closely concerns the honor of the imperial family of Austria, beside being of deep concern to Americans. It has always been suspected, since the fall of Queretaro and the capture and death of Maximilian, that the foolish and unfortunate man who styled himself Emperor of Mexico endeavored to save his own life by betraying his followers, and that he made an offer of the surrender of the city on condition that he himself would be permitted to escape. This has been denied by Maximilian's friends, and the odium of treachery has attached to Colonel Miguel Copez, who it appears, was only a messenger from Maximilian himself. Letters recently discovered contain evidence that Maximilian was a traitor, and General Escobedo has now disposed of the question by an explicit and deliberate statement. The general says that he feels himself released, by the discovery of the letters, from the pledge of silence made to Maximilian, and it is evident also that he desires to relieve Colonel Lopez from the brand of infamy that has so long unjustly attached to him.

General Escobedo states that Lopez was sent to him at dead of night to propose in Maximilian's name the surrender of Queretaro, providing he, the Emperor, should be allowed to flee the country in safety. This Escobedo would not grant, and demanded an unconditional surrender. Lopez then said that the surrender of Queretaro would be made on the morrow, and he asked Escobedo, in behalf of Maximilian, and as a last favor to the fated Prince, never to reveal the proposition to surrender his army in exchange for this freedom. Whether Escobedo made the promise he does not directly say. At any rate he has spoken now, and his words will be accepted as decisive by impartial students of history.

Maximilian's action in offering to sacrifice his devoted adherents in order to save himself is not the first illustration of the readiness of crowned heads to abandon their followers in time of danger. The fact is that kings, almost without exception, care very little for their subjects, except as servants of their ambition and contributors to their luxury. King ridden nations are gradually coming to this conclusion, and revelations such as those regarding Maximilian ought to hasten the time when scepters and crowns will be baubles of the past.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Ater the Grip Hood's Sarsaparilla will restore your strength and health, and expel every trace of poison from the blood.

FOR RENT OR SALE.—The residence situate on East Linn street, adjoining property of F. P. Green, now occupied by Rev. Elliott. All modern improvements. Possession given April 1st. Inquire at GRAHAM'S MILLINERY STORE. 3-28-tf

JESSE CLEAVER
SURVEYOR & CIVIL ENGINEER.
Has had many years experience locating lands and roads in Centre and adjoining counties. Reference if desired. Has timber lands for sale.
Unionville, Fleming P. O., Centre Co., Pa.
Telephone to A. J. Griest's Store.

Do You Want a Job of Work Done

If so, you should give us a call. We guarantee to satisfy you in style, quality & price. We do

ENVELOPES,
LETTER HEADS,
NOTE HEADS,
BILL HEADS

And all kinds of Commercial work

Sale Bills A Specailty.

No other office in the county can compete with us.

Give Us A Call.

OFFICE in the McClain Building opposite Bush House.

DEAFNESS & HEAD NOISES CURED by PECK'S INVISIBLE TUBULAR EAR CUSHIONS. Whispers heard. Comfortable. Successful where all Remedies Fail. Ills. book and proofs free. Address F. HISCOX, 853 Bdy., N. Y. 14 1m

ACTIVE, RELIABLE MEN WANTED!
The year round to represent us in the sale of Nursery Stock. Local or traveling. Good wages and expenses, or commission. O. D. GREENE, Syracuse, N. Y. 23 14 1m

Happy

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Rejoice Because

Hood's Sarsaparilla Rescued Their Child from Scrofula.

For Scrofula, Salt Rheum, and all other foul humors in the blood of children or adults, Hood's Sarsaparilla is an unequalled remedy. Read this:

"We are so thankful to Hood's Sarsaparilla for what it did for our little girl that we make this statement for the benefit of other anxious parents and

Suffering Children

Our girl was a beautiful baby, fair and plump and healthy. But when she was two years old, sores broke out behind her ears and spread rapidly over her head and forehead down to her eyes, and into her neck. We consulted one of the best physicians in Brooklyn, but nothing did her any good. The doctors said it was caused by a scrofula humor in the blood. Her head became

One Complete Sore

offensive to the smell and dreadful to look at. Her general health waned and she would lay in a large chair all day without any life or energy. The sores caused **great itching** and burning, so that at times we had to restrain her hands to prevent scratching. For 3 years

She Suffered Fearfully

with this terrible humor. Being urged to try Hood's Sarsaparilla we did so. We soon noticed that she had more life and appetite. The medicine seemed to drive out more of the humor for a short time, but it soon began to subside, the **itching and burning ceased,** and in a few months her head became entirely clear of the sore. She is now **perfectly well,** has no evidence of the humor, and her skin is clear and healthy. She seems like an entirely different child, in health and general appearance, from what she was before taking

Hood's Sarsaparilla

I. W. FREDERICK, 311 Glenmore Ave., East New York, Brooklyn, N. Y.

This Testimonial

Is an illustration of what Hood's Sarsaparilla is doing for the sick and suffering every day, from Maine to California. In the light of these facts who can say that the work of an immense concern like ours is not beneficent?

HOOD'S PILLS cure liver ills, constipation, biliousness, jaundice, sick headache, indigestion.

THE PHILADELPHIA PRESS.
DAILY, SUNDAY, WEEKLY.

A Family Paper.
WHICH IS
Clean, Unsensational And Just the Paper.
FOR THE
AMERICAN HOME.

THE PRESS has the best possible organization to secure news from the most important sources, and with nearly 400 correspondents in Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and Delaware, the State and near-at-home news is covered with a routine carefulness and attention to detail not even attempted by any other paper.

THE PRESS has also the best of correspondents in all the great cities of the United States, as well as financial and railroad experts in Chicago and the West, who keep the paper more than abreast with events.

The colums of the SUNDAY PRESS are enriched by contributions from those whose names are written high in our lists of great authors, novelists, essayists, as well as men of high rank in public life. The best authors know that their best audiences are the readers of the DAILY, SUNDAY, and WEEKLY PRESS.

In politics THE PRESS knows no other master than the people and the past year has seen, as has been seen before, the marked fact that it is subservient to no political boss. It has no political ambitions to foster but looks after the interests of its readers, and delivers itself upon the issues of the day in a manner both frank and fearless, letting the facts speak for themselves, and evading no issues but meeting them on the basis of fair play to all men at all times. Its pages know no distinctions and the rights of one class over another are neither recognized nor supported.

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AGENTS WANTED.

The Independent Order of Odd Fellows Mutual Life Insurance Society, of Pennsylvania, (chartered by the Legislation in 1873) is desirous of securing responsible energetic agents, male and female, to represent the society in every city, town and district in the state. And to the right person, liberal terms and permanent employment will be given, No previous experience required.

The society insures the lives of male and female from 15 to 65, and in sums of $100 to $5,000 five thousand being the maxuim amount written on any one person.

For further information address
ELIAS P. ROHBACH,
GENERAL MANAGER, Lewisburgh. Pa.
n-20-3-m.

Flowers, Plants & Seeds

It tells how Safely, Easily and Cheaply you can procure the "very best" and "most reliable', in Plants, Seeds, etc., and we mix Considerable "art" with the printing, using fine engravings and arranging the matter in a pleasing, common-sense way very attractive to our customers.

WE MAIL THE BOOK AND A PACKET OF WILD FLOWER GARDEN SEEDS (VALUED AT 10 CENTS) FOR THREE TWO CENT STAMPS.

Or if you are interested but have no use for seeds, a postal card will do the business; your address on one side, our address on the other Write now, mentioning this paper.

Harry Chaapel,
WILLIAMSPORT, PA.
23 14 2t

WANTED SALESMAN. Salary and expenses from start; permanent place; good chance for advancement; experience unnecessary; outfit free; reliable stock; liberal treatment, control of territory and sub-agent given right party; apply at once. Brown Brothers Company, Nurserymen Rochester N. Y.

THE CONDUCTOR'S STORY!

'When a man has been railroadin' twenty long years.
He gits kinder hardened an' tough,
An' scense of affliction don't trouble him much,
'Cause his natur' is coarse like an' tough,
But a scene that took place on my train one cold night
Would a'melted the heart of a stone,
An' among the adventures which I have been through
"That night jist stands out all alone.

"Twas a bitter cold night, an' the train was jam full,
Every berth in the sleeper was taken;
The people had jist turned in for the night,
An' the train for New York was a-makin'
When, jist as the people to snore had begun
An' I with a satisfied sigh
Had sat down in a chair for a short rest, I heard
The sound of a young baby's cry.

"It was one o' those loud, aggravatin' like yells,
O' the pattern that makes you jist itch
For a gun or an axe an' excites up your mind
With wild thoughts o' murder an sich
It went through that car, and I needn't remark
That the snorin' stopped right there an' then,
An' that sleeper was filled with a billin' hot crowd
O' mad women and wild, swearin' men.

"The curtains jist then that concealed berth 16
Were opened an' out come a man
As fine a young feller as ever I seen,
But his face was all white like an' wan
He carried the kid that was raisin the row,
An' commenced walkin' down through the aisle
A-tryin' to stop its loud schreechin,—but pshaw!
It seemed to get wuss every mile

"An idea seemed to strike one old feller jist then,
And he said to pale-faced young man,
'It seems to me, stranger, that kid could be stilled
By a simple an' feasible plan,
The noise that it's makin' betray what it needs—
The child wants its mother, that's plain;
An' why don't you call her? Ten chances to one
She's sleepin' somewhere on the train,'

A "look then came over that young father's face,
A look full of anguish an' pain,
A look that will haunt me as long as I live,
As long as I work on a train;
Ah' he answered that man, in a hoarse stifled voice
That sounded as though from afar;—
'Her mother is sleeping on board of this train
In a box in the baggage car."

—[MAURICE E. MCLAUGHLIN, in N. Y. Herald.

Brave and True.

Whatever you are, be brave, boys!
The liar's coward and knave, boys?
Though clever at ruses,
And sharp at excuses,
He's a sneak and a pitiful knave, boys!
Whatever you are, be frank, boys!
'Tis better than money and rank, boys!
Still cleve to the right,
Be lovers of light,
Be open, above board and frank, boys!
But, whatever you are, be true, boys!
Be visible through and through, boys!
Leave to others the shamming.
The "greening" and "cramming,"
In fun and in earnest, be true, boys!

—[HENRY DOWNTON.

5000 AGENTS WANTED QUICKLY to supply the IMMENSE demand for CONWELL'S LIFE OF SPURGEON, 500 pages, richly illustrated. Price, $1.50 A biography of the World's Greatest Divine, by the Spurgeon of America. Beware of cath-penny books; this is the standard Agents' success astonishing, interest intense. Send quick 30c. for outfit, and get the territory. Address
HUBBARD BROS.,
406 Race St., Philadelphia.

A Brute of a Husband.

"How is your daughter to-day, Mrs. Carper?"

"She is gettlng better, but she has had a severe time of it."

"What caused her sickness?"

"Her husband."

Why I thought he was one of the kindest of men."

"He doesn't show it then. He deliberately gives that poor child a lot of money for her own spending just at the time the new spring bargains are put on the counters at the stores, and she goes out shopping, rain, and shine, and almost gets her death of cold. It's a wonder she isn't in her coffin. Kind husband, indeed!"

Drunkenness, or the Liquor Habbit Positively Cured by administering Dr. Haines' Golden Specific.

It is manufactured as a powder, which can be given in a glass of beer, a cup of coffee or tea, or in food, without the knowledge of the patient. It is absolutely harmless, and will effect a permanent and speedy cure, whether the patient is a moderate drinker or an alcoholic wreck. It has been given in thousands of cases, and in every instance a perfect cure has followed. It never fails. The system once impregnated with the Specific, it becomes an utter impossibility for the liquor appetite to exist. Cures guaranteed.

48 page book of particulars free. Address Golden Specific Co., Race St., Cincinnati, O.

Gave $7,500 for a Shirt.

Mrs. Margaret Howard died last January, leaving two children, a son at Passadena, Cal., and a daughter in Texas and an estate of some $15,000. There was no will. The mother, years ago, shot and killed a woman, but was acquitted. Later the father was murdered in a St. Louis hotel. The daughter secured the shirt worn by her father at the time and refused to give it up to the son and an estrangement followed. Rather than surrender the shirt she willingly gave up her interest in the property of her mot her.

BUCKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE.

THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box.
FOR SALE BY—C. M. Parish.

The wicked "N. Y. WORLD" has abandoned the camp of Senator Hill. While pretending to embrace him it secretly stabs him under the fifth rib by declaring that it has great misgiving concerning his strength at the polls in that State. The *Sun* is left alone among the democratic papers of New York to champion the cause of Senator Hill.

IN SOMERSET COUNTY.

Moonshiners Thought to Have Captured the Detective.

SOMERSET, Pa., April 5.—Up to a late hour to-night nothing had been heard from the little band of detective men who left here last night to capture the murderers of old man Hochstetler. It is believed that they were surprised and captured by moonshiners and that they will be held for a day or so and then released. Miller and Pritts were seen in a lonely part of the mountains on Sunday by a minister and yesterday a photographer saw Miller at his home. Sheriff Good says he knows where the moonshiners are secreted and will go after them just as soon as the expenses of the trip are guaranteed. He is awaiting the arrival of Special Officer Culbertson, of the internal revenue department and will do nothing till he reaches here. Developments are coming to light which tend to show the moonshiners' gang contains not less than 300 or 400 members. Probably only twenty of this number have been engaged in the manufacture of illicit whisky but their secret is known to the gang.

Safety in the Midst of Danger.

This would seem a contradiction—is so, in fact, to the eye. But experience has proved its possibility. Take the case of the individual who dwells in a malarious region. A robust constitution is no certain defence against the dreaded chills. What is? Recorded testimony, covering a period little short of half a century, proves that Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is precisely this. This continent does not limit the field where the medicine has proved its efficacy. In South America, the Isthmus of Panama, Mexico, everywhere in fact where miasma-born disease takes on its most obstinate and formidable types, the Bitters is a recognized specific in illimitable demand, and prescribed by physicians of repute. Potent, too, is it in disorders of the stomach, liver and bowels, and against that destroyer, lagrippe. It improves appetite and sleep, neutralizes rheumatism and kidney complaint.

MARRIAGE LICENSES.

Charles A. Peters, of West Liberty, Iowa, and Edna N. Hoover, of Unionville.

William B. Messmer, of Gregg township, and Kate M. Long, of Penn township.

Louis Ernst and Rebecca Moyer, both of Philipsburg.

Frank Scott, of Bellefonte, and Minerva McKinley, of Milesburg.

John T. Laurie, Bellefonte, and Lucy T. Haverick, of Milesburg.

HANDSOME VS. HOMELY.

Who is that fine-looking lady that we just passed, Clara? Why, that is Mrs. Snow. Well, there, what a change; when I saw her last, her skin was so sallow and muddy looking, it's no wonder I didn't know her. What has produced that lovely complexion? I heard that she took Sulphur Bitters, the great blood purifier, and now would not be without them.

Half Serious.

It is more blessed to give $10 than to receive ten days.

Lawyers generally make good sailors—good on the charge, you know.

Some men always prefer hard work to a light job. They would rather hold a 150 pound girl than a fifteen pound baby.

An anti-crank bill has been introduced into Congress. The farmer's boy will be anxious to know if it includes the grindstone.

THE HOUSEKEEPER'S FRIEND.

A friend in need is a friend indeed, and such a friend you will always find in Sulphur Bitters. They cured me of dyspepsia, when I had given up life in despair and was almost at death's door. They are a true friend of the sick.—*Mrs. R. Crayne, Hartford, Connecticut.*

Knitters Wanted.

Girls wanted to knit at the Milroy Woolen Mill. Wages, while learning, somewhat more than cost of boarding. When learned girls can make very good wages by the piece. Apply in person or by letter with testimonials of character to

THOMPSON BROTHERS,
m 10-tf. Milroy, Pa.

I WAS DISGUSTED

with the learned doctors after swallowing their costly medicine for over a year for the relief of catarrh in my head, when I cured myself by using six bottles of Sulphur Bitters. My wife is now taking them for nervous debility.—Abel Carter, Parker House, Boston.

He Knew How It Was.

"This paper," said manager Bailey, as he threw down a copy of the *Gazette* he had been examining, "is full of chestnuts and mightily poor chestnuts at that"

"How do you know they are chestnuts" asked Francis from the "that column" table. "Why, I wrote some of them myself."

"Guide to Health," a valuable book, containing the indorsements of prominent regard to the "Anchor Pain Expeller," the best known remedy for all forms of Rheumatic disease. Mailed free of charge on application to F. Ad. Richter & Co., 310 Broadway, New York City.

Signs of Spring.

The frayed look on the men's overcoats.
Vacuum in the coal bin.
Loungers on the public streets.
The poets.
Bits of green grass a showing.
The woman's query; "How are you having it made?"
That tired feeling.

AN OLD MAN'S "DARLING."

The Way Aged Mr. Blanchard's Wife is Caring for His Physical Welfare.

There was quite a ripple of excitement at Palmer, Mass., on Wednesday, when it became known that A. V. Blanchard, one of the oldest and best known residents of the town, had left his wife and gone to live with relatives in another State, fearful for his life. Blanchard is nearly ninety, and was at one time head of the firm of A. V. Blanchard & Co., widely known scythe manufacturers, and was wealthy, but of late he has been in somewhat straitened circumstances.

About eight years ago Mr. Blanchard, then a widower, married a widow from the adjoining town of Wilbraham. she being well along in years. At that time Mr. Blanchard was in poor health, had a paid-up policy of $20,000 on his life, and it did not seem as if he had much longer to live. He rallied, however, and since then has been quite robust. He now says that his wife, disappointed by his not dying as expected, has systematically abused him during the last three years. He has not had enough to eat or clothes to wear, and the clothes given him by friends have been bestowed upon the hired man.

He says his wife, who is a large woman younger and more active than he, knocked him down and pounded him, threatened to kill him and otherwise maltreated him, and he dared hardly to go to his brother's house or remain more than a few minutes, as a beating was in store for him on his return if he overstayed the time allowed. About a year ago he was sick for a long time, and a physician has said that he was being slowly poisoned.

DEAFNESS CANNOT BE CURED.

By local applications as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surface.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars; free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
☞Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Gen. Sherman's Later Days.

Chauncey M. Depew's Oration before the N. Y. Legislature

The later years of most heroes have been buffeted with storms or have come to a tragic end. Cæsar, in the supreme hour of his triumph, fell at the foot of Pompey's statue, pierced by the daggers of his friends. Napoleon fretted out his great soul in the solitude of St. Helena. Wellington lost popularity and prestige in the strifes of parties.

Washington was worried and wearied into his grave by the cares of office and the intrigues of his enemies—enemies, as he believed, also of his country. Grant's death was hastened and his last days clouded by the machinations of politicians and the crimes of trusted associates. But Gen. Sherman in retirement led an ideal life. Only Von Moltke shares with him the peaceful pleasures of content and of his people's love.

This soldier, citizen and patriot, this model husband, father and friend, held a place in every heart, and a seat by every fireside in the land. His death carried a sense of personal bereavement to every household and plunged the country in mourning. His name and his fame, his life and his deeds are among the choicest gifts of God to this richly endowed republic, and a precious legacy for the example and its inspiration of coming generations.

WHEN DOCTORS ALL AGREE.

It is a fact well established, that February and March are the most trying months to aged or enfeebled persons. Pneumonia, influenza and kindred chest afflictions, are most liable to get in their deadly work. There is but one thing to do build up and fortify the system with a pure stimulant. Medical men all over the country agree that Klein's "Silver Age" at $1.50 per quart, and "Duquense" at $1.25 per quart, stand without a peer. If you want fine six year old Guckenheimer, Finch Gibson, Overholt, or Bear Creek, you can have them at $1.00 per quart or six quarts for $5.00. We are recognized headquarters for the choicest brands of Wine, Liquor, Cordials, etc. Goods expressed anywhere Send for complete price list; mention this paper too. MAX KLEIN,
82 Federal St., Allegheny, Pa.

Pat Elliott Gets 20 Years.

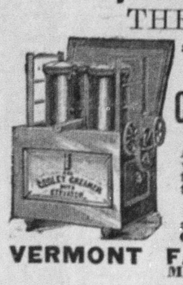
COLUMBUS, April 1.—Patrick S Elliott, of the Sunday *Capitol*, who followed Albert C. Osborne, a reporter on the Sunday *World*, into McDonald's hat store, on High street, this city, and killed him, shooting Osborne twice with a revolver and who was found guilty of manslaughter, ten days ago, this afternoon was sentenced by Judge Duncan to 20 years in the Ohio penitentiary—the full limit of the law.

The tragedy occurred February 23, 1891, while Osborne was watching a procession passing on High street, being a celebration in honor of Washington's Birthday. Pat and his brother William fired at Osborne and Bill killed W. T. Hughes by accident, for which he is now serving a life sentence in the penitentiary. The killing was the result of a newspaper war on the part of both papers, and in which the vilest personalities were indulged in.

LABORING MEN! TAKE CARE!
LOSS OF TIME IS COSTLY!

ST. JACOBS OIL,
THE GREAT REMEDY FOR PAIN,
CURES
RHEUMATISM,
Sprains, Bruises, Cuts, Wounds, Soreness, Stiffness, Swellings, Backache, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Burns.

The Dairy Sweepstakes, The Creamery Sweepstakes,
THE GRAND SWEEPSTAKES,



and the COLD MEDAL,
Was awarded to Butter Made by the
COOLEY CREAMER PROCESS.
At the annual meeting of the Vermont Dairymen's Association, Jan. 12th to 14th, 1892. Is not this a grand victory, there being over seventy competitors; the three judges stating that it was the finest lot of winter butter they ever saw. This makes the
23d COLD MEDAL
awarded. No system can compare with the Cooley Creamer. Send for Full Illustrated Circulars.

VERMONT FARM MACHINE CO., Bellows Falls, Vt.
Manufacturers of Creamery and Dairy Supplies.

EDWARD K. RHOADS,
At his yard near Passenger station sells one
THE BEST QUALITIES
OF
Anthracite, Bituminous & Woodland
COAL
—ALSO—
KINDLING WOOD.
AND
Corn Ears, Shelled Corn, Oats, Baled Hay and Straw
TELEPHONE 712

COURT PROCLAMATION—Whereas, the Hon. A. O. Furst, President Judge of the Court of Common Pleas of the 49th Judicial district, consisting of the counties of Centre and Huntingdon, and the Hon. Daniel Rhoads and the Hon. Thomas F. Riley, Associate Judges in Centre, having issued their precept bearing date the 28th day of March, 1892, to me directed for holding a Court of Oyer and Terminer and general Jail Delivery and Quarter Sessions of the Peace in Bellefonte, for the county of Centre, and commence on the 4th Monday of April, the 24th day of April, 1892, and to continue two weeks. Notice is hereby given to the Coroner, Justices of the Peace, Aldermen and Constables of said county of Centre, that they be then and there in their proper persons, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, with their records, inquisitions, examinations, and their own remembrances, to do those things which to their office appertains to be done, and those who are bound in recognizances to prosecute against the prisoners that are or shall be in the jail of Centre county, be then and there to prosecute against them shall be just.

Give under my eand, at Bellefonte, the 28th day of March, in the year of our Lord, 1892, and the one huudred and fifteenth year of the Independence of the United States.

WM. A. ISHLER,
23 19 4t Sheriff.

JOHN C. MILLER.
PRACTICAL ACCOUNTANT
Real Estate and Collection Agency.
Rents or Sells Property of all Kinds.
Does a General Collection Business
Opens or Closes Books for Firms or Individuals.
Special Attention Given to Collecting Rents and Business Accounts.
If you have any property for sale or rent or wish to buy or rent property, call and see me at
Room 13, Crider's Exchange, Bellefonte, Pa.
JOHN C. MILLER.
23 19 1m

FRAZER AXLE GREASE
BEST IN THE WORLD.
Its wearing qualities are unsurpassed, actually outlasting two boxes of any other brand. Not effected by heat. ☞GET THE GENUINE.
FOR SALE BY DEALERS GENERALLY. 1yr

FAT FOLKS REDUCED From 15 to 25 lbs. per month by harmless herbal remedies that do not injure the health or interfere with one's business or pleasure. It builds up and improves the general health, clears the skin and beautifies the complexion. No wrinkles or flabbiness follow this treatment. Endorsed by physicians and leading society ladies. PATIENTS TREATED BY MAIL. CONFIDENTIAL. Harmless. No Starving. Send 6 cents in stamps for particulars to DR. G. W. F. SNYDER, McVICKER'S THEATER, CHICAGO, ILL.

Morning
Noon
Night
Good all the time. It removes the languor of morning, sustains the energies of noon, lulls the weariness of night.
Hires' Root Beer
delicious, sparkling, appetizing.
Don't be deceived if a dealer, for the sake of larger profit, tells you some other kind is "just as good"—'tis false. No imitation is as good as the genuine HIRES'.

WANTED SALESMEN.—Salary from the start. Permanent place. Good chance for advancement. Experience unnecessary. Outfit free. BROWN BROTHERS CO., Rochester, N. Y. 23 14 1m

If you are interested in Gardening you should send for our BOOK OF

EUREKA!
OUR MOTTO:
Quick Sales and Small Profits.
The EUREKA CASH GROCERY, Bush Arcade Block, is the place to buy Groceries GOOD AND CHEAP. We have always been selling goods at ROCK BOTTOM PRICES bu now we intend to do better than ever and will sell goods at prices that will astonish everyone. Times are hard and we cannot expect to make much. Below we quote you a few of our prices to show that we mean business.
3 cans of Corn for 25 cts.; 3 cans of Peas 25 cts.; 3 cans of Lima Beans for 25 cts.; 6 bars of Soap 25 cts.; Coffee 23-25-26-28-35 cts. per pound; 1 package Mince Meat 11 cts.; Mixed Tea (a number one quality) only 40 cts. per pound; Soup Beans 6 cts. per quart.
The above is a fair sample of our prices. Call and be convinced.
NEXT DOOR TO POST-OFFICE.
HIGH STREET, - - BELLEFONTE
M. P. TUTEN, PROPRIETOR.

PRINTING.
Parties desirous of obtaining Rock Bottom Prices on all kinds of printing will make no mistake if they address us. We have all modern facilities and will quote prices that will astonish you. We care not whether you have $1 or $1000 worth done.
PRESSWORK, FROM PLATES 50 CTS. PER 1000.
Our representative will call upon you if so advised. Address,
Republican, Bellefonte.

RAILROADS.

BEECH CREEK RAILROAD.
N. Y. C. & H. R. R. R. LESSEE.
November 16, 890.
Direct communication made with Philadelphia and Reading Railroad at Williamsport for Philadelphia, New York and intermediate points.

READ UP No 35	READ UP No 41	STATIONS.	READ DOWN No 32	READ DOWN No 38
P. M.				P M
1 35		Gazzam		2 25
1 27		Kerrmoor		2 33
1 18		New Millport		2 a9
1 10		Olanta		2 47
1 00		Mitchells		2 56
12 20	P M	Clearfield	A M	
12 00	9 15		7 00	3 30
11 41	8 55	Woodland	7 19	3 50
11 34	8 48	Bigler	7 26	3 57
11 28	8 43	Wallaceton	7 42	4 03
10 35	L 7 50	Philipsburg	L 7 25	L 3 55
11 30	A 8 45		A 8 20	A 4 50
11 05	8 20	Munsons	7 55	4 25
10 42	7 55	Peale	8 21	4 51
10 17	7 33	Gillintown	8 44	5 14
10 09	7 25	Snow Shoe	8 52	5 22
9 02	6 27	Beech Creek	9 46	6 27
8 47	6 13	Mill Hall	10 00	6 43
8 41	7 07	Lock Haven	10 08	6 52
8 32	5 57	Wayne	10 15	7 03
8 10	5 35	Jersey Shore	10 35	7 25
7 35	5 00	Williamsport	11 10	8 00
A. M.	P M		A M	P M
A. M.	P M		A M	P M
7 15	2 56	Williamsport	11 55	11 00
11 30	11 33	Philadelphia	4 05	6 50
	10 08	New York via Easton	5 50	
7 30	8 35	New York via Phila.	8 30	9 30
P M	A M		P M	A M

ADDITIONAL TRAINS.—Clearfield Accommodation leaves Gazzam at 8.30 a m and 6.09 p m, arriving at Clearfield at 10.15 a m and 7.30 p m.
Gazzam Accommodation leaves Clearfield at 6.10 a m and 4.00 p m, arriving at Gazzam at 8.00 a m and 5.30 p m.
Sleeping car on Through Express, both ways between Williamsport and Philadelphia (Ninth and Green street station) daily except Sunday.
CONNECTIONS—At Gazzam with stages to and from Ansonville, Berwinsdale and Bell's Gap Railroad. At Clearfield with stages to and from DuBois and Penfield. At Jersey Shore with Pine Creek Division of Fall Brook Railway. At Williamsport with Philadelphia and Reading Railroad for all points East.
F. E. HERRIMAN, Gen'l Pass'r Ag't.
A. G. PALMER, Sup't. Jersey Shore, Pa

COMMISSIONER'S SALE OF UNSEATED LANDS.
In pursuance of an Act of Assembly passed on the 29th day of March, A. D. 1824, the Commissioners of Centre county will sell at Public Sale at the Court House, in the Borough of Bellefonte, on Wednesday, the 13th day of April, A. D. 1892, the following described tracts of land purchased by the County at Treasurer's sale and which have remained unredeemed for the space of five years and upwards:

ACRS.	PER.	WARRANTEE.	TWP.
50		Andrew Coon	Benner
50		J D Harris	"
50		John Moore	"
100		J D Shugert	"
50		Unknown	"
383	163	Waibo Frazier	Boggs
300		Frank McCoy	"
46		Unknown	"
181		J M Lucas & J P Packer	"
433	163	Wm Gray	"
50		Unknown	"
431	137	Martha Goodfrey	"
143	53	Chas Hall	Burnside
415		Jesse Brooks	Curtin
400		J D Long	"
200		John Palmer	"
300		M L Atwood	"
100		Peter Smith	"
185		Wm P Brady	"
360		Martha Goodfrey	"
300	142	Jno W Goodfrey	"
400		Joseph Kelso	"
150		Sarah Lane	"
200		Mary Lane	"
433	153	Samuel Scott	"
50		John Curtin	"
150		Paul Custer	"
178	127	Andrew Carson	Gregg
446		Harry Spiker & C Weiser	Haines
135		H B Cawlew	"
100		George Fowler	"
196		A Ward	"
18		Thomas Castonas	"
15		Joseph Thompson	"
388		Geo Seidel	"
437	108	Jno Hartman	"
400		Bernard Grattz	"
106		——Lowery	"
150		Unknown	"
125		Unknown	"
48		Daniel Beck	H'f Moon
50		Jno Irvin	Harris
400		James Reed	"
400		James Forbes	"
400		Wm Harrison	"
400		Robert Patterson	"
407	92	Kearney Wharton	"
215		Martha Goodfrey	Howard
415		"	"
200	11	Wm Chancelor	Huston
400		Job W Packer	Liberty
50		Thomas King	"
½ of 200		Christian Nestlerode	"
400		Matthew Leech	"
50		Thomas King	"
50		D Carscadden	"
80		Robert Smith	"
168		Shaw & Lingle	"
20		Thomas Lucas	Marion
½ of 199		Paul Zautzinger	"
50		Unknown	"
150		Jno Hayes	Miles
280		Martin Wister	"
170		Wm Cook	"
357		Wm Grant	"
200		Thomas Smith	"
480		Wm Hamman	"
371		Wm Boyd	"
419		Hugh Boyd	"
410		Thomas Miles	"
404		Peter Tripp	"
426		Samuel Tripp	"
290		Wm P Brady	"
20		Henry Antis	"
130	123	Simeon Gratz	"
320		Joseph Fearon	"
250		John Housell	"
200		John Brady	"
17		Robt Lottimore	"
25		James Steadman	"
294		Robbert Taggart	"
401	46	James Cumming	"
300		Thomas Boyd	"
413		Joseph Tripp	"
405		Wm Housel	"
400		Daniel Seigfried	"
150		Wm Cooper	"
100		Unknown	"
100		Wm Cook	Penn
383		"	"
20		H B Fulmer	Potter
100		Samuel Young	"
400		Wm Harrison	"
122		Philip Eberman	Rush
300		Thomas Erskine	"
406		Barbara Snyder	"
433		Jacob Metzger	"
80		Unknown	"
433	153	Hannah Turner	"
200		John Burg	"
434		Thomas Grant	"
433	153	Jacob Slough	"
433	153	"	"
433	153	Kearney Wharton	"
394	117	Thomas Arthur	"
433	153	Mary Smith	"
216	80	Hugh Hamilton	"
433	163	Bennet Lucas	"
418		Casper Lawrence	"
323		Hugh Patton	"
200		Joseph Sands	"
433	153	Isaac Pritcher	"
100		John Copenhaver	"
321	58	Joseph Pimms	"
112		Geo M Hartline	"
433	153	Leslie Malone	"
50		Edward French	"
301	150	Geo Pimm	"
348	139	Henry Pimm	"
214		Jacob Stout	"
80		Unknown	"
216	80	Robert Rainey	"
¼		Richard Langdon	"
300		Jacob Reiley	Snow S'o
433		Geo Parker	"
169		Francis West	"
325		Wm Banks	"
325		"	"
400		Alexander Martin	"
218		Samuel Dabson	"
412		D Carscaddon	"
400		David Williams	"
308	71	Jno M Nesbit	"
360	144	Hugh Pimm	"
287	80	David Carscaddon	"
417	44	"	"
412	44	"	"
433	153	D H Cunningham	"
353		John Ligget	"
200		J Z Long	"
360		John Pimm	"
300	144	John Reiley	"
75		Unknown	Spring
433	153	Joshua Williams	Taylor
360		Jasper Welsh	"
434		Polly Williams	"
100		Daniel Beck	"
80		Jacob Beck	"
58		John Beightol	"
434		Hugh Hamilton	"
398½		Ebenezer Brennan	Union
100		Samuel Phipps	"
383		Unknown	"
400		Jeremiah Parker	Walker
300		Wm Brady	"
500		Henry McEwen	"
89		Wm Swanzy	"
25		Widow Morris	Worth
250		P B D Gray	"
¼		Unknown	"

GEO. L. GOODHART,
T. F. ADAMS,
J. B STROHM, } Commissioners.
Attest:
ROBERT F. HUNTER, Clerk.
Commissioner's Office, Bellefonte, Pa., March 8th, 1892.

FAVORITE SINGER!
Warranted for Five Years.
LOW ARM ONLY $20

HIGH ARM $25.00.
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Drop Leaf, Fancy Cover, Large Drawers, Nickel Rings, Tucker, Ruffler, Binder, Four Widths of Hemmers
Sent on trial. Delivered in your home free of freight charges. Buy only of Manufacturers. Save Canvassers' Commissions. Get New Machines. Address for Circulars and Testimonials.
Co-Operative Sewing Machine Company,
269 S. 11th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

THE BURIAL OF WALT WHITMAN.

Ingersoll The Great Infidel Pays a Glowing Tribute to His Life and Works.

Poet Walt Whitman was buried last week Wednesday with just such services as he had wished. There was no religious ceremony, but instead his close friends conducted unique exercises at the tomb, which he had designed, in Harleigh Cemetery. Thousands attended the ceremonies in the open air, and a crowd walked through his cottage to see the body in the morning.

All conventionalities were brushed aside. His body, instead of being clothed in sombre black, as in the custom with the dead, was covered with the gray cloth suit that he wore in life. No priest or preacher said mass or read a church service at his bier.

Thomas B. Harned read from Whitman's poems and spoke eloquently of his dead friend. He was followed by Dr. R. M. Bricke of Toronto, the poet's biographer and literary executor. Other speakers were Dr. Daniel G. Brenton and Thomas B. Wilson.

COLONEL INGERSOLL'S LAUREL WREATH.

The principal oration was by Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll. He followed Dr. Bucke's incid portrayal of the poets character and genius, and was visibly moved when he faced the throng, his first few sentences being delivered with a voice broken by emotion. Colonel Ingersoll said:

"Again, we, in the mystery of Life, are brought face to face with the mystery of Death." A great man—a great American—the most eminent citizen of this Republic—is dead before us. And we have met to pay a tribute to his greatness and to his worth. I know that he needs no words of mine. His fame is secure. He laid the foundations of it deep in the human heart. He was, above all that I have known, the Poet of Humanity, of Sympathy. Great he was—so great that he rose above the greatest that he met without arrogance; and so great that he stooped to the lowest without conscious condescension. He never claimed to be greater or lower than any other of the sons of men. He came into our generation a free, untrammeled spirit, with sympathy for all. His arm was beneath the form of the sick. He sympathized with the imprisoned and despised. And even on the brow of crime he was great enough to place the kiss of human sympathy. One of the greatest lines in our literature is his. Speaking of an outcast—and the line is great enough to do honor to the greatest genius that has ever lived—he said:

"Not until the sun excludes you will I exclude you."

"A charity as wide as the sky. And wherever there was human suffering, human misfortune, the sympathy of Whitman bent above it as the firmament bends above this earth.

A BROAD MINDED MAN.

He was built on a broad and splendid plan—ample, without appearing to have limitations—passing easily for a brother of mountains and seas and constellations—caring nothing for the little maps and charts that timid pilots hug the shore with and giving himself freely with the recklessness of his genius to wind sandwaves and tides—caring for nothing as long as the stars were above him. And he walked among men, among writers, among verbal varnishes and veneerers, among literary milliners and tailors with the unconscious dignity of an antique god. He was the poet, also of that divine democracy that gives equal rights to all the sons and daughters of men. He uttered the great American voice, uttered a song worthy of the great Republic. No man has ever said more for the rights of humanity—more in favor of real democracy or real justice. He neither scorned nor cringed—was neither tyrant nor slave. He asked only to stand beneath the great flag of nature, the blue and the stars.

"He was the Poet of Life. It was a joy to him simply to breathe. He loved the clouds. He enjoyed the breath of morning, the twilight, the wind, the winding streams. He loved to look at the sea when the wind and waves burst into the white-caps of joy. He loved the fields, the hills. He was acquainted with trees, with birds, with all the beautiful objects on the earth. And he saw not only those objects but understood their meaning. And he used them that he might exhibit his heart to his fellow men.

A POET OF LOVE.

"He was also the Poet of Love. He was not ashamed of that divine passion that has built every home in the world—that divine passion that has painted every picture and given us every real great work of art, that divine passion that has made the world worth living in and gives some value to human life.

"He was the Poet of the Natural and taught men not to be ashamed of that which is natural.

"He was not only the poet of love—not only the poet of democracy—not only the poet of the great republic—he was the poet of the human race everywhere. He was not confined to the limits of this country, but his sympathies went out over the seas to all the nations of the earth. He stretched his hand and he felt himself the equal of all kings and of all princes and the brother of all men, no matter how high, no matter how low.

"He has utterred more supreme words than any writer of our century, and possibly any other. He was, above all things, a man. And above genius, above all the snow-capped peaks of intelligence, above all of art, rises the true man—greater than all. He was a true man. And he walked amongst his fellow-men as such.

"He was also as has been said, the poet of death. He accepted all—life and death. And he justified all. He had the courage to meet all, and was great enough and splendid enough to harmonize all and to accept all there is of life as a divine melody.

HAD NO CREED.

"You know better than I what his life has been. But let me say one thing. Knowing as he did, what others can know and what they cannot, he accepted and absorbed all theories, all creeds, all religions, and believed in none. His philosophy was a sky that embraced all clouds and accounted for all clouds. He had a philosophy and a religion of his own, broader, as he believed—and as I believe—than others. He accepted all. He absorbed all. And he was above all. He was true absolutely to himself. He had frankness, courage, and he was as candid as light. He was willing that all the sons of men should be absolutely acquainted with his heart and brain. He had nothing to conceal.

"Frank, candid, pure, serene, noble. And for years and years he was maligned and slandered simply because he had the candor of nature. He will be understood yet, and that for which he was condemned—that is, his frankness, his candor—will add to the glory and the greatness of his fame. He wrote a liturgy for humanity. He wrote a great and a splendid psalm of life. And he gave to us the gospel of humanity—the greatest gospel that can be preached—the gospel of humanity.

A MAN OF GREAT COURAGE.

"He was not afraid to live; not afraid to speak his thought. Neither was he afraid to die. For many years he and Death lived near neighbors. He was always willing and ready to meet and greet this thing called Death. And for many months he sat in the deepening twilight waiting for the night—waiting for the light. In his brain were the blessed memories of the day; and his heart were mingled the dawn and dusk of life. He was not afraid—cheerful every moment, the laughing nymphs of day did not desert him. They remained that they might clasp the hand of the veiled and silent sisters of the night when they should come. And when they did come Walt Whitman stretched his hands to both—on one side the nymphs of day, on the other the silent sisters of the night.

"And so, hand in hand, between smiles and tears, he reached his journey's end. From the frontier of life, from the Western wave-kissed shore, he sent us messages of content and hope. And those messages seem now like strains of music blown by the mystic Trumpeter from death's pale realm.

BACK TO MOTHER NATURE.

"To-day we give back to mother nature—to her clasp and kiss—one of the bravest, sweetest souls that ever lived in human clay. Charitable as the air and generous as nature—negligent of all except to do and say what he believed he should do and should say. And I, to-day, thank him, not only for you but for myself, for all the brave words he has uttered. I thank him to-day for all the great and splendid words he has said in favor of liberty, in favor of man and woman, in favor of motherhood in favor of fathers in favor of children. And I thank him for the brave words he has said on the subject of death. Since he has lived Death is less fearful than he was before, and thousands and millions will walk down into the dark valley of the shadow holding Walt Whitman by the hand, long after we are dead. The brave words he has spoken will sound like trumpets to the dying.

"And so I lay this poor wreath upon this great man's tomb. I loved him living and I love him still."

TO CONSUMPTIVES.

The undersigned having been restored to health by simple means, after suffering for several years with a severe lung affection, and that dread disease Consumption is anxious to make known to his fellow sufferers the means of cure. To those who desire it, he will cheerfully send (free of charge) a copy of the prescription used, which they will find a sure cure for Consumption, Asthma, Catarrh, Bronchitis and all lung and throat Maladies. He hopes all sufferers will try his Remedy, as it is invaluable. Those desiring the prescription, which will cost them nothing, and may prove a blessing, will please address Rev. Edward A. Wilson Brooklyn, New York

$20—1y

Sold a $3,000 Horse.

The Dubois *Courier* says: On Saturday George S. Good, of Lock Haven, sold to the DuBois Percheison Stallion company a light-grey stallion, Montmirail, imported from France in 1887. The company paid $3,000 cash for the animal. He is a noble looking horse and will be tenderly looked after and duly admired at Judy's livery stable until farher notice.

PILES! PILES! ITCHING PILES.

Symptom—Moisture; intense itching and stinging; most at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. Swayne's Ointment stops the itching and bleeding heals ulceration, and in most cases removes the tumors. At druggists, or by mail for 50 cents. Dr. Swayne & Son, Philadelphia.

s 24-1 y

Save Yourself Money.—When you go to Pittsburg, Pa., stop at the Anchor Hotel, corner Liberty and Fourth streets. It is a strictly first-class Hotel conducted on the European plan. Lodgings, 25,—35, or 50 cents. a16-1y

GREAT OFFER! FACTORY AT GRANDVIEW, PA. 23 miles west of Pittsburgh, Pa. on lines of P., Ft. W. & C. R.R. and P. & L.E.R.R.

PIANOS + $35. + ORGANS!

Direct from the Factory at Manufacturer's Prices. No such offer ever made before. Every man his own agent. Examine in your home before paying. Write for particulars. Address

THE T. Swoger & Son Pianos & Organs

BEAVER FALLS, PENNSYLVANIA,

$35

P. O., Beaver Falls, Pa.

From Rev. James M Potts, D D, editor of the Michigan *Christian Advocate*, Detroit Michigan To say that we are delighted with the piano, does not express the fact. We are jubilant. If all your instruments are as fine in appearrnce and as pleasing in tone as this one, your patrons will rise by the hundred.

From Mrs A G Silverheels, Corydon, Warren county, Pa.: We are well pleased with the organ. Good tone and found to be as represented. jy23 1y

CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH, RED CROSS DIAMOND BRAND

PENNYROYAL * PILLS

THE ORIGINAL AND GENUINE. The only Safe, Sure, and reliable Pill for sale. Ladies, ask Druggist for *Chichester's English Diamond Brand* in Red and Gold metallic boxes sealed with blue ribbon. Take no other kind. *Refuse Substitutions and Imitations.* All pills in pasteboard boxes, pink wrappers, are dangerous counterfeits. At Druggists, or send us 4c. in stamps for particulars, testimonials, and "Relief for Ladies," in letter, by return Mail 10,000 Testimonials. *Name Paper.* CHICHESTER CHEMICAL CO., Madison Square Sold by all Local Druggists. PHILADELPHIA, PA.

PISO'S CURE FOR

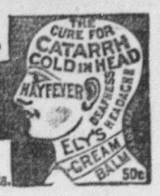
25 CTS Best Cough Medicine. Recommended by Physicians. Cures where all else fails. Pleasant and agreeable to the taste. Children take it without objection. By druggists. 25 CTS

CONSUMPTION

Ely's Cream Balm for CATARRH

THE POSITIVE CURE.

ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St., New York. Price 50 cts.



The Triumph of Love!
Happy and Fruitful Marriage.

Every MAN who would know the GRAND TRUTHS, the Plain Facts, the Old Secrets and the New Discoveries of Medical Science as applied to Married Life, should write for Our wonderful little book, called "A TREATISE FOR MEN ONLY." To any earnest man we will mail one copy Entirely Free, in plain sealed cover. "A refuge from the quacks."

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BEST ORGANS AND PIANOS

FOR EASIEST PAYMENT

The MASON & HAMLIN CO. now offer to rent any one of their famous Organs or Pianos for three months, giving the person hiring full opportunity to test it thoroughly in his own home, and return if he does not longer it. If he continues to hire it until the aggregate of rent paid amounts to the price of the instrument, IT BECOMES HIS PROPERTY WITHOUT FURTHER PAYMENT. Illustrated Catalogues, with net prices, free.

MASON AND HAMLIN ORGAN AND PIANO CO.,

BOSTON. NEW YORK. CHICAGO

FRIDAY SUPERSTITIONS.

How They Affect Street and Steam Railway Traveling.

A competent authority gives it as a fact that the income at all means of conveyance, those on street railways as well as those on the great trunk and lesser length lines of steam conveyance, are always less on Friday than any other day of the week, not even excepting Sunday. We have never seen any local authority report conditions on their roads, nor whether less traveling is done on Friday than any other day, nevertheless, a statistician who has given the subject close attention declares it is a fact that Friday's business in travel on railroads of every class is the lowest in comparison of that on all other days, and that the reason for it is due to the superstition that Friday is an unlucky day. It is also claimed by this collator of curious facts concerning superstition that livery stables do less business on Friday than on any other day, fearing accidents on that day because of its unlucky character, and still further, that less notes of hand, due bills, etc., are negotiated on Friday than on any other day of the business days of the week. Just how the author of the curious statement gathered his alleged facts is not stated, nevertheless, if he is only partially correct it shows that the world is not escaping from its own superstitious fears very fast.

I HAVE been a great sufferer from catarrh for over ten years; had it very bad, could hardly breathe. Some nights I could not sleep and had to walk the floor. I purchased Ely's Cream Balm and am using it freely, it is working a cure surely. I have advised several friends to use it, and with happy results in every case. It is the medicine above all others for catarrh, and it is worth its weight in gold. I thank God I have found a remedy I can use with safety and that does all that is claimed for it. It is curing my deafness.—B. W. Sperry, Hartford, Conn.

Thoroughly Reformed.

He had signed the temperance pledge a year before and had kept it faithfully. On election day when he went to the polls he asked for a Republican ticket.

"What's that for?" asked the Democratic candidate, angrily. "You never voted anything but the Democratic ticket in your life."

"I know it, Colonel," he said, as he carefully folded his ticket to drop it in the box, "but, you see, since I quit drinkin' and got respectable it hasn't seemed natural for me to be a Democrat, and I'm goin' to swear off on that, too."

And he voted the Republican ticket straight.

$7,000 a Year for Remembering Names.

From the Washington Star.

To remember people's names is a great thing. I know a man in a great wholesale establishment in Chicago who gets $7,000 a year just for remembering names. His business is to speak to everyone who comes in by name and to introduce the customer to the clerk of the department. If he does not introduce the person to the clerk by name, the clerk is expected to find out the name and communicate it quietly to the gentleman near the door, who bids him or her good-by by name. This always flatters people and they come back again.

WARNED IN TIME.

People will have themselves largely to blame if the horrid grip secures a foothold here this winter. The Board of Health sounded a note of warning a few days ago. Physicians all agree that with proper precautions the disease may be prevented. Aged and enfeebled persons, in fact any one whose systems is run down, require a healthful stimulant just now. The medical faculty are a unit upon this point. Klein's "Silver Age" and "Duquesne" rye whiskies which sell respectively at $1.50 and $1.25 per full quart are the purest and best stimulant known. The most skilled practitioners in the country indorse and prescribe these brands and leading hospitals use them exclusively. Major Klein also sells Guckenheimer, Finch, Gibson, Overholt and Bear Creek at $1 per quart or six quarts for $5. His establishment is headquarters for everything in the liquor line. Goods expressed everywhere. Send for Catalogue, mentioning this paper, to.

MAX KLEIN,
82 Federal St.,
Allegheny City, Pa.

Good Rules for the Mistress.

When engaging a servant be careful to explain her work to her, and let her understand that the work must be done in your way and not in the way of any former mistress she may have had, and this explanation must be made so that it shall not reflect upon the routine of any other household.

Try and arrange the housework so that each servant may have an opportunity to attend church on Sunday.

When your servants do well encourage them to do better by a few words of praise.

Do not allow them to have visitors until after certain hours in evening.

Give your orders for the day to the cook early in the morning as possible.

Insist upon being informed when anything is broken or lost.

See that the chambermaid wears a clean apron while making the beds, and that she knocks at the bedroom before entering.

Order the maid who opens the door not to leave visitors standing in the hall, nor to give parcels to strangers without previous instructions.

When you reprove, do so firmly and decidedly.

Only allow your rules to be broken once; let dismissal, with customary notice follow the second offence.

Retain your temper under all circumstances.

Insist upon the punctuality of the family as well as upon the punctuality of the cook.

Be kind to your servants when they are ill, and thoughtful of them always; in nine cases out of ten the considerate mistress will be rewarded by faithful service.

Pay your servant's wages regularly. Do not allow them to go out without first obtaining your permission.

The Ladies' Home Journal.

Mrs. Gladstone, the wife of the famous British statesman, in the first of her articles, "Hints From a Mother's Life," gives much valuable advice in the April *Ladies Home Journal*, which comes promptly to its hundreds of thousands of readers in a dainty Easter cover of pink. The magazine opens with a full-page illustration by W. Hamilton Gibson of an exquisite poem by Eugene Field, entitled "The Singing in God's-Acre." The poem only serves to intensely interest in Mr. John Rallantyne's wife, in the series of "Unknown Wives of Well-Known Men." Mrs. Reginald de Koven, daughter of Senator Farwell, follows with a timely article on "Social Life in Chicago." Mrs. de Koven writes entertainingly upon a subject which, as the daughter of a millionaire senator, and wife of one of the most talented of the younger men of her native city, she has had special facilities for studying Ethel Mackenzie McKenna contributes a sketch, with portrait, of Miss Helen Gladstone, and Miss Bradley the second of her interesting papers on "The Queens of Westminister Abby." Frederick Dolman writes of a visit to Fanny Kemble, the woman more than half a century ago was known the world over as poet, actress, dramatist and critic, and who now in her English home is spending her declining days almost by the world forgotten. Grace Greenwood writes of "When I Was a Girl:" Ella Wheeler of "Mistaken Literary Success." Mrs. Beecher continues her reminiscences of her gifted husband, and Dr. Talmage, Mrs. Bottome, Robert J. Burdette and Ruth Ashmore write of Easter. Foster Coates talkes to boys about training birds and animals; H. H. Battles of "Flowers in Our Homes," and Palmer Cox gives a page of his inimitable Brownies. Mrs. Mallon has sevral illustrated Easter fashion articles, and Eben Rexford an unusual amount of floral matter. The serial story, "A Brief Prelude." is brought to an effective ending and Maude Haywood contributes a special illustrated article on the "Baltimore Society of Democrative Art." The *Journal's* sixteen editors fill their departments with all that is instructive and entertaining, and the entire magazine is a thing of beauty and excellence. This Easter number, with new cover, new features, admirable illustrations, and attractive supplement, is worth many times its moderate price of ten cents. *The Ladies' Home Journal* is published by The Curtis Publishing Company of Philadelphia for Ten Cents per number and One Dollar per year.

It Ran in the Family.

The small boy was sitting on the fence in front of a ramshackling old house with a bed quilt for a door and a slouch hat acting in the capacity of a window pane, and the boy's general appearance matched the house. I hailed the youngster as I rode by, and after a few questions about the neighborhood I asked if they had a school house.

"Naw, not 'roun' here," he answered, "but there's one three mile down the run."

"Do you go to school," I required.

"Naw."

"Can you read and write?"

"Naw," and his eyes opened wide.

"How old are you?"

"Fourteen goin' on fifteen."

"And can't read and write?"

"Naw, I can't and I don't have to," he said, with great confidence. "My pa's a Democrat, and I'm goin' to be one, too, I am."

Knocked Out by the B. of T.

A dapper little Foreign Import was strutting around the office of the U. S. Custom House offering to bet $828,312,646 that he was the best man in the country, when a great strapping big fellow came in and, slapping $970,506,282 export receipts down on the counter, gave a snort of defiance that almost swept the little chap off his feet.

"Great Cæsar!" shrieked the little one. "Who are you?"

"That's all right," roared the big one. "I'm the Balance of Trade for 1891 and I see your pile and go you just $142,193,636 better. Now put up or shut up."

And the poor little Foreign Import shrank away and disappeared through a knot-hole in the floor.

Getting There.

An old darkey was standing on the platform at Lexington, Ky., as a B. and O. train came to a halt, and a facetious Democratic passenger on the Pullman hailed him.

"I say, uncle," he inquired, "are you a Democrat?"

"No, sah, boss, I ain't" he replied, with a smile, taking off his hat, "but Ise a gettin' dah. I done been in jail a yar fer stealin' a ole tumble down mule, and been fo' weeks in the calabooze for gittin' drunk.'

Mr. Passenger retired hurriedly, and the crowd gave him the laugh.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Hoarseness,

so as to speak only in whispers; rough scraping sensation in the throat; soreness in the chest; cough from tickling in the throat are cured by HUMPHREYS' SPECIFIC NUMBER SEVEN.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., NEW YORK.

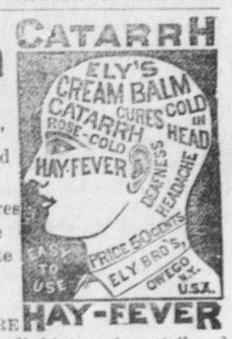
SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

ELY'S Cream Balm

Cleanses the Nasal Passages, Allays Pain and Inflamation, Heals the Sores, Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell.

TRY THE CURE

CATARRH



HAY-FEVER

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at Druggist; by mail, registered, 60 cts.

ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St., N. Y.

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R. J. SCHADD & BRO.

Shop at Steam Works, corner of Lamb and Spring streets, Bellefonte Pa.

We are prepared at all times to furnish all kinds of supplies—hydrants, sinks, bath tubs, water closets, pipe—both lead and cast and wrought iron, either plain or galvanized—brass and other fittings, and everything in the plumbing line.

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LOWEST PRICES AND
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Yet, strange to say, beneath this wild rhapsody was an under current of vindictiveness—a desire to "get even" with her for the humiliation she had inflicted on him.

Like an angry storm spending itself in its own fury, his passion at last wore itself out, and he fell into the more dangerous mood of planning future retaliation.

Pshaw! What a fool he had been to get into such a rage. He would win in the end. There were two ways of catching this bird of beautiful plumage, and, if one failed he could try the other. If the silken net of honied words was useless, he knew how to cast the strong bonds of obligation around her.

The Dolmans' owed him money—they must help him; Robison, her employer, was in the same fix, he must do his bidding; and Mrs. Evesham would surely not be blind to the glitter of his worldly prospects. As for that blind fellow—but no, a girl like Wanda could never give her love to him—well, if he stood in his way, it would be all the worse for him.

And Wanda! She was feverishly tossing on the bed, the victim of a thousand doubts and fears—the past with its phantoms of uncertainty, the present with its disappointments, the future so clouded with hopelessness that she dreaded even to think of it. With a heart overflowing with the tenderest gratitude, she pondered over Mrs. Evesham's long years of motherly solicitude for her, of the sacrifice she knew that noble woman must have made for her sake. True, the burden was pressing less heavily on that dear friend now. Kate was at work, the store was prosperous, Alice was no longer dependent on her, and she, Wanda, was in a position to add her mite to the family funds. But, if she should fail—pshaw! she must not fail; she must endure any discomfort, any degradation rather than go back to Glastonbury to be again a charge on the widow's bounty.

As for Damiens, with his rustic insolence, she was foolish to waste a second thought upon him and half regretted that she had condescended to rebuke his impertinence. But, then there was poor blind George Arundel—that was a different trouble. It was very well for him to talk about being her adopted brother, but she knew that his love for her was of a very different nature, and she was sure that she could never return his affection in the way he wanted it.

Then—ah, then—floated before her imagination a face of typical beauty. Big, earnest, brown eyes seemed to be looking tenderly into hers, so vivid was the picture that she could in fancy have raised her hand to push away the short, clustering, brown curls which extended over the clear white forehead. She saw the pleasant smile on the well-curved lips—nay, she could almost believe that they moved and whispered her name in a tone of exquisite tenderness. "Wanda" never sounded half so sweetly as when he uttered it. But she must not think of him—no, it would be a crime of ingratitude to fetter him with her dowerless love. She would be brave, she would dismiss him forever from her thoughts; and, saying this she concentrated her whole soul on the beautiful vision, till—the wearied eyelids closed, and sleep drew the curtain of oblivion over her wandering fancies.

And the brown-eyed hero of Wanda's dreams was none other than Harry Evesham, who, as Alphonse Damiens had truly said, was gone to New York to "make his fortune."

CHAPTER IX.
LOVE'S YOUNG DREAMS.

But things brightened.

Time worked wonders even at dull Havana.

Work — that splendid tonic for unstrung nerves—braced our heroine up to a cheerful endurance of her surroundings.

Then her children had begun to love her and their parents to appreciate her; and, best of all, Alphonse had ceased to

HE WAS TOO ASTONISHED TO MOVE.

persecute her, though she learned that he had managed to pick up an acquaintance with her friends at Glastonbury.

Then she was cheered by the most delightful news of Harry Evesham, who had won the esteem of Mr. Hardcastle, a railroad magnate living in Brooklyn, who had appointed him his private secretary with a salary beyond his wildest expectations.

"What a charming man the old gentleman must be," Wanda mused, as she read Harry's description of him—"rich, in the beginning of a hale old age, a bachelor without relations or intimate friends, he treats me like a son and his magnificent mansion is a home to me."

Wanda smiled. What a lucky old man she thought Mr. Hardcastle must think himself to enjoy the constant companionship of so gifted a person as Harry Evesham.

But the climax of her satisfaction was reached when one winter's day the old veteran with a wooden leg who in a desultory manner presided at the telegraph office brought her a dispatch from Mrs. Evesham that Harry was coming home on a visit.

Harry coming home!

I am afraid to confess that she took the precious paper and kissed it.

Ah! she was glad now that she had shown no malice toward Damiens—even a little glad that she had consented to allow him to drive George

ALPHONSE DAMIENS, HAT IN HAND, PRESENTED HIMSELF.

Arundel out to Havana to spend the evening—a suggestion that had been heartily indorsed by Kate—for, who knows? perhaps Harry might come with them—but no; he would probably not leave New York until after the telegram was sent.

Anyhow, she watched the slow, moving fingers of the clock in school on that eventful afternoon.

At last the hour of dismissal came. The last little lad had bundled up his head in his "comforter" and made his bow, the last little maid had donned her cloak and rubbers and held up her chubby face for a parting kiss, when Wanda began to make preparations for her departure. She generally was the tardiest to leave, as her cavalier, Bob Slocum, had "chores" to do at home which deprived him of the felicity of escorting teacher home.

She had just put the finishing touches to the arrangement of her white woolen hood, in which her sweet face shone forth too bewitchingly for description, when she heard a gentle tapping at the school-room door.

"Come in!" she said, cheerfully, quite expecting to see some wee mite appear to claim her sympathy and redress for having been unmercifully snowballed, so the start she gave when Alphonse Damiens, hat in hand, presented himself, might be readily excused.

"I left the team and Mr. Arundel at Stewart's, Miss Wanda, and walked up here, hoping you would allow me to accompany you home," he said, with great deference.

"Thank you, I shall be ready in one moment, Mr. Damiens," she replied, carelessly, though her flushed cheek belied the serenity of her manner. If she only knew the wild turmoil of passion which thrilled his soul she would have been even less at ease.

He scarcely hears her, as she adds another coil to the wrap round her white throat.

"Now I am ready," Wanda says, and they pass out into the lonely road, with the frozen river on one side of it and the snow burdened pines on the other.

"I would not be presumptuous, Miss Arlington, but may I say that this little walk is a glimpse of Heaven to me?" he falters.

He feels the soft hand on his arm tremble, he sees the tearless misery which comes into the eyes and dims them.

"Let—let us walk faster," she whispers scarcely above her breath.

"Go faster!" he echoes bitterly. "Yes, I had almost forgotten myself. There should be a short cut to the left here. Are you cold?"

"No," she says, but there is a tremor in her voice, which she strives hard to render light and careless.

"Go faster!" he says with a despairing shrug of his shoulders. "Ah, if these hours of torment would only go faster. Do you remember the day that first I saw you? You were standing at Mrs Evesham's cottage door one July evening and the wind blew my straw hat to your feet. You picked it up and gave it to me."

"I do not remember—I have forgotten," Wanda says indistinctly.

"It seems an age to me—an age—I—"

He stops, for something like a sob strikes his ear.

He looks down into her face. It is pale, and the red, ripe lips are tremulous.

He has mistaken her emotion. The red flush flies to his face, then leaves it white with suppressed excitement.

"What! Wanda!" he hesitates, for, with a quiver of the lids, tears are springing to the blue eyes. "What! you are crying! Is it possible you love me, girl?" and he seizes both her hands and looks down into her face with a hungry glare. "Is it possible? Look at me, Wanda. Oh! Heaven! I long, and yet I dare not hope. Wanda, you know I love you. You cannot help but know it. I have loved you since the first moment I saw you. I never dreamt that you would give me hope to love. No, it cannot be. Look at me, Wanda. Is it possible that—you—love—me?"

Slowly and fearfully the words drop from his lips.

Then she tries to draw her hands away, but he only clings the harder.

"Speak, Wanda," he says, hoarsely. "Do you love me?"

Then she speaks. Slowly, heavily she lifts her eyes to his and looks at him with a great yearning misery and solemn truthfulness in them. "I am so sorry that you should entertain such feelings for me, Mr. Damiens, for I can never return your love."

She sees him quiver under the blow she has struck, and with a woman's tenderness seeks to heal the wound.

"Oh! do not look like that," she cried, for he has dropped her hands and stands before her dazed like one in a dream.

"I cannot help my looks," he says, bitterly. "Nor can I help loving you. It is no crime to love you, Wanda—Miss Arlington."

"Nor for me to be unable to look upon you as other than a friend."

"Yes, yes, that is true," he replied hurriedly. "You must be my friend. I will not annoy you with my solicitations, I will worship you in silence."

She could not see his face. She could not see the cunning malignant gleam of those dark eyes, nor imagine that the man's humble words but cloaked designs of future conquest.

He had recovered the first blow of his disappointment and was now himself again — a cunning, treacherous man, ready to do anything to attain his ends. He give her up! Not he, indeed. What care he though she had a dozen lovers, he did not blame her for it, only—it would be all the worse for them.

So he said once more with all humility: "Be, as you say, my friend, Miss Arlington. I am as you see a rough, uncouth fellow, and you may humanize me."

"I am very sorry for you," Wanda said frankly; "but, Mr. Damiens, you must not let your passion grow the better of you. There are hundreds of girls as attractive as I am, which is not saying much for their charms, who will gladly give you back love for love, who have not already set up an idol of their own."

The words escaped her lips without thought. She would have given the world to have recalled them, but it was too late.

"Then you *do* love another?" he asked, with well-feigned dejection.

She blushed crimson.

"No one has ever spoken to me of love but you," she prevaricated.

"Love is not born of words," Damiens said, passionately. "A glance—a pressure of the hand, a flash of—but why define a bliss denied me? Suffice it to say that you are lost to me. Nay, do not tremble so, Miss Arlington; your secret is safe with me."

For a moment her eyes flashed an indignant reproach, but she could not lie so she took refuge in silence.

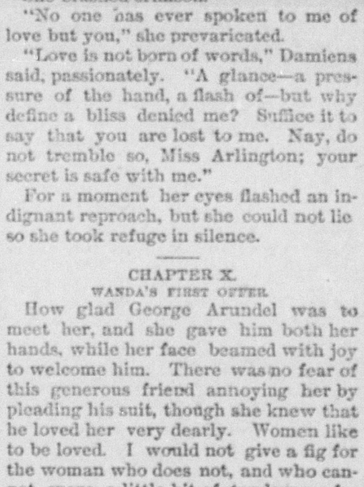
CHAPTER X.
WANDA'S FIRST OFFER.

How glad George Arundel was to meet her, and she gave him both her hands, while her face beamed with joy to welcome him. There was no fear of this generous friend annoying her by pleading his suit, though she knew that he loved her very dearly. Women like to be loved. I would not give a fig for the woman who does not, and who cannot spare a little bit of tenderness for the man whose devotion pleases her, and yet be loyal to him who is king of her affections.

So Wanda Arlington exerted her best efforts to make it pleasant for her blind friend, who was in a seventh heaven of delight. She had such tact, too, as Alphonse Damiens noticed with glowing eyes. George Arundel's wishes were anticipated before he could express them. She flitted round his chair with a tender solicitude which was maddening to the young Frenchman, and altogether conducted herself in such a way that a hell of jealousy was raging in his heart, though pleasant words tripped from his smiling lips.

Outside a storm was gathering. The wind came howling up the river with a roar that deafened one and dashed the sleet in fierce flurries against the window shutters—then was as suddenly still.

"Guess we're gwine ter hev a blizzard," old Dolman said, drawing closer


"GUESS WE'RE GWINE TER HEV A BLIZZARD." OLD DOLMAN SAID.

to the stove, near which he had been sitting whittling a piece of wood, after the manner of the riverside men. "I hate them pesky gusts—sure signs o' a burrikin' afore dawn."

"What an old croaker you are," Damiens interposed fretfully; "you'll scare Mr. Arundel out of all enjoyment of his drive to-night."

"An' ef I was Mister Arundel I'd know when I was well off, an' I wouldn't—" he saw the warning look of the Frenchman, and paused to recover his mistake. "I wouldn't care a durn for all the storms as ever blowed along the river, ef 'Phonse himself was holdin' the ribbons over them young hosses o' his'n."

"I have the greatest confidence in Mr. Damiens too," Wanda said, charmingly, "for I am sure he would not lead Mr. Arundel into danger."

"No, indeed," Arundel interrupted. "This is not the first time I have been out under his protection, and I can bear testimony that no one could be more considerate and careful than he is. If harm comes to us to-night, rest satisfied it will be through no fault of his."

"Pshaw!" Damiens sneered with a laugh, which showed every one of his white, gleaming teeth—teeth for which a duke would have bartered his coronet—"what a precious fuss you people are making to-night over a handful of snow and a cupful of wind. One would think that Mr. Arundel and myself were made of maple-sugar to hear you talk. Make up your mind, Miss Arlington, to forget the storm; for, if you will fortify us with a cup of Dolman's old cider—hot, with a roasted crab in it—I will undertake to land your friend safe and sound at Glastonbury inside of two hours of the time of starting."

"Yer couldn't do it!" Dolman cried disputatiously. "Yer couldn't begin ter do it, 'Phonse; onless yer crossed the bay at Breckenridge's farm, an' no man in his senses 'ud try sich a game as that on a night like this."

None but Dolman saw the threatening glance of the Frenchman's eye as he uttered these words.

"Don't you think I'm capable of handling the bashaws, Dolman?" Damiens asked fiercely. "P'raps you'd like to send one of the 'gyurls' to take care of us?"

While Damiens and Dolman fetched the horses round to the door, Wanda, with her own fair hands, was engaged in muffling up George Arundel for his midnight ride.

"It is bitterly cold outside," she said, with a shudder. "I wish I could persuade you and Mr. Damiens to stay all night at the hotel."

"And frighten poor old Bladen out of his wits? Why, he would arouse the whole city with his lamentations if I did not put in an appearance," George remonstrated, with a light laugh.

"Then, good-by, which, I believe, means 'God be with you!'" Wanda said, a little solemnly.

"He is always with those who trust in Him," Arundel replied, catching the tone of her mood.

Alphonse Damiens' horses merited the high encomiums passed upon them. They were coal-black "bashaws," with skins as sleek as satin, and it was all that their master and Dolman could do to hold them while George Arundel, with the awkwardness of a blind man, got into his place.

"Are you ready, 'Phonse?" asked Dolman, wrestling with the bits of the fiery animals.

"Aye, let 'em go!"

And with a bound which lifted the cutter's runners from the ground they dashed at headlong speed down the frozen street.

"Not eggsacly the team as a nervous ole lady 'ud care to handle," was Dolman's observation, as he bolted the door, and then added with a quiet aside: "It 'ull be by God's mercy only ef them two reaches Glastonbury without broken bones ter-night."

"Do you think there is any danger, Mr. Dolman?" Wanda asked, half alarmed at the mad start they had made.

"They're jest as safe es if they was a-sittin' in these arm-cheers," replied that veracious gentleman, proceeding to shake the ashes down in the stove with such a clatter that further question ing was impossible.

CHAPTER XI.
A MAD RIDE.

Alphonse Damiens' wrists were as strong as steel, but it was some little time before he could bring his horses down to steady trot. They started at their own shadows in the occasional glimpses of moonlight; the fierce gusts of wind which came with more constant fury terrified them into mad rebellion and, when the snow beat their faces and the cutting sleet lashed their sides, it was all that accomplished horseman could do to keep them in hand. But at last he succeeded in reducing their speed to a swift, swinging trot, which carried them gayly over the ground to the rythmic cadence of the sleigh bells.

[To be Continued]

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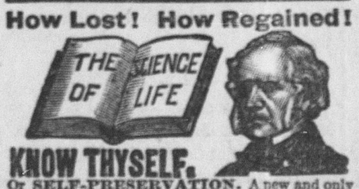

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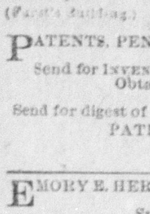
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GEO. W. ATHERTON, L. L. D.
State College, Pa.

Bellefonte Republican,

To CORRESPONDENTS.—No communications published unless accompanied by the real name of the writer.

Corespondents should write upon but one side of the paper, and avoid the use of pale or fancy inks.

EDWARD T. TUTEN.

Local Department.

—The little onions will soon be put in their little beds.

—"Dan McGinty's Troubles" in the opera house to-morrow evening.

—"Dan McGinty's Troubles" will be the next play in the opera honse.

—Receiving fresh goods every day at Eureka Grocery, High St. Bellefonte.

—The grass and grain is already showing quite green, and the lilacs are already budding.

—The Eureka Grocery High st, Bellefonte next door to post office is the place to buy and don't you forget it.

—The weather has now assumed a genuine summer warmth, with a goodly sprinkling of thunder showers.

—The large implement sale at J. S. Waite & Co's. last week was well attended and every thing brought a fair price.

—Nice Prunes three pound for twenty five cents at Eureka Cash Grocery, High st., Bellefonte, next door to post office.

—It will not be many days now until we can see the house fly, the horse fly, the cow fly, the crow fly, and the shad fly.

—The Undines are very busy making elaborate preparations and selling tickets for their Easter ball on Monday evening, the 18th.

—The township supervisors who neglect to put up finger boards at the intersection of roads subject themselves to a fine of $10. The law is being enforced in several counties.

—On Sunday there were forty-three persons taken into membership in the Presbyterian church. This was mostly the result of the good work done last week by the society of Christian Endeavors.

—Last Saturday evening "Dan McGinty's Troubles" was in Altoona, and the Tribune says it was good and much enjoyed, there being lots of fun in the three acts. See it in the opera house, this place, to-morrow evening.

—On Last Thursday morning Lock Haven had a one hundred thousand dollar fire. It was the destruction of the large Kistler tannery with all the bark sheds. Several houses were damaged but none totally destroyed.

—Don't be in a hurry to lay aside your heavy underclothing. Because we are having a few days of warm weather, it does not follow that it is now summer. There will likely be several cold days yet between this and easter.

—Friday, April 1st, was a good moving day and it seemed as if about two-thirds of the people in Bellefonte changed their places of residence. Notwithstanding that fact there are still a large number of idle houses scattered all over the town.

—W. Sellers of Oak Hall writes "send us the papers that have "Lost Lina" it is the story we want, we have not received it since March 17." We shall continue that story next week, am sorry to have kept you waiting but we shall make it all right yet and Lost Lina will be found.

—Since the last issue of the REPUBLICAN Garman & Lukenbach's gents' furnishing store has been moved from Bellefonte to Philipsburg, and on Monday morning Will Garman shook the dust of Bellefonte from his feet and hied himself to that borough over the mountain. May the firm prosper in its new location.

—Burglars are again enrampant in Bellefonte. Last week they visited the home of Mr. Bauer, on Bishop street, and got away with forty-seven cents and some clothing. Some fine morning that selfsame Mr. Burglar will wake up to find himself riddled into a pepper box by some Bellefonter who may happen to have a double barrell shot gun handy.

—George Marshall a clerk of thirty years experience and acknowledged to be one of the best in the state, has lately connected himself with the Eureka Grocery High st., next door to post office Bellefonte; where he will be glad to meet all his old friends. He will treat them right and sell them goods at prices that cannot be discounted by any other house in the town. Call and see him.

—The inequalities and unusally low assessments made in most of the districts of the county has long called for redress. In many cases the small homes of the mechanic and miner are assessed to nearly their full value, while the more costly lands and houses owned by the more prosperous citizens or corporation are not assessed in proportion, and consequently the burden of taxation falls on those least able to bear it.

—C. U. Hoffer is more sanguine than ever of making the Democratic nomination for prothonotary, which in this county is generally considered to be equivalent to election. This, of course, would be the case with one who enjoys as great popularity as our friend Hoffer, and the only thing we regret is that it will mean his removal from our city to Bellefonte. On this account we almost wish he wouldn't make the nomination.—Philipsburg *Journal.*

THE BELLEFONTE CENTRAL

Opened Entirely from Bellefonte to State College.

When the Buffalo Run railroad was sold last December and purchased by a new company the first thing done was to change the name to the Bellefonte Central Railroad. It was then announced that as soon as practicable the road would be extended from its then terminus in College township to the State College, a distance of two miles; and also that it might be possible that the road would also be built from Bellefonte to Beech Creek, making connection at that place with the Beech Creek.

Of course this was good news to Bellefonters as well as to all residents of the county, but the people had lately been hearing so many railroad rumors that very little faith was put in this one. However the new company meant business and as soon as the weather permitted a survey was made on the eastern end, a large force of men were at once put to work and in less than a month the road was completed.

Last Saturday marked an eventful day in the history of the new road as it was the day set for the opening of the same and the running of the first passenger train to the College. A free train left Bellefonte at 12.30, on which were quite a number of Bellefonters who took advantage of the opportunity to make the trip, for the College. The train made good time and arrived at its destination all O K. A large crowd had assembled at the College station and the train load was welcomed by rousing cheers and waving of handkerchiefs. It is needless to say the trip was an enjoyable one.

On Monday morning at 6.30 the first regular train left Bellefonte on schedule time for the College, and since then there have been three trains each way on the main line and two regular trains on the branch.

Mr. Frank Crosthwaite has been appointed station agent at State College, and with his experience, his obliging and courteous way, there is every reason to believe that he will win many friends for the Bellefonte Central. The new station at the College is being rapidlly pushed to completion and it will not be many days until everything will be in ship shape order. The Adams Express company has also been put on the line and henceforth packages and goods can be sent to State College by Adams Express via the Bellefonte Central. Now all that remains to make the new road a veritable mint is the building of the portion from Bellefonte to Beech Creek, and it is to be hoped that this may be speedily done.

New Subscriptions.

Week ending March	23—1892	10
" "	30— "	12
" " April	6— "	29
Total		57

There is an important campaign coming this fall and we want to add at least 1000 new names to our list. Will our friends help us to do this good work for the spread of republican literature; thereby the spread of the cause of the grand principles of the republican party. The above is a good beginning, and if increased in same ratio we shall reach the desired end long before the summer days are past.

Death of Mrs. S. J. Musser.

On Monday afternoon at 1·55 o'clock, Mrs. Alice E. Musser, wife of Mr. S. J. Musser, died at the home of her husband, 618 Third avenue, Altoona, after an illness, from the congestion of the liver.

Mrs. Musser was a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Noel Johnson, of Bishop street, Bellefonte, and is well known by many residents of this place. She leaves a husband and two small children to mourn their loss. Funeral services were held at their Altoona home Tuesday evening and Wednesday the remains were brought to this place and interred in the Union cemetery.

Change of Schedule.

On Monday the new Bellefonte Central railroad made its first trip from Bellefonte to State College. From that date there will be three trains each way per day. They will leave Bellefonte as follows: At 6.30 and 10 30 a. m., and 4.40 p. m., arriving at the College at 7.30 and 11.20 a. m., and 5.30 p. m. Returning they will leave the College at 8.10 a. m. and 3.00 and 5,45 p. m., arriving at Bellefonte at 9.05 a. m., and 3.50 and 6.35 p. m. This will be a great convenience for travelers.

Putting on Pressure.

"Hugging parties are in vogue in Western localities. For fifteen cents a man after being blindfolded is permitted to place his arms around a woman and put on the necessary pressure. The revenne went to the support of thechurch. They played it low down on a man recently who had invested a dime and a nickle in the business, by giving him his wife to squeeze. After the bandage was removed he had a a fit—and the church had the wealth.

—A writer from Sunbury to the Milton Record says: "I would not he surprised if before sixty days passes away the Reading company will have leased and be in full operating possession of the Northern Central railroad between Sunbury and Baltimore. I have heard expressions to that end by prominent Pennsylvania railroad peopie. If this deal is not brought around, the Reading company will certainly commence the construction of the Southern Central from this place to Harrisburg as soon as spring opens: At all events, it will not be long until railroad matters will open up lively in Sunbury and vicinity."

TO FOUNTAIN SUBSCRIBEBS.

LOST LINA.

For reasons the same as has caused trouble in this office since Jan. 1 to March 15, 1892; The story of Lost Lina which was commenced in the January 2nd issue of *The Fountain* has not been published with any regularity. Beers and Dillon had agreed with the publisher of *Fountain* to continue this story until it was completed, they wrote to the parties furnishing it agreeing to take and pay for it. They failed to pay, and the story stopped and we have not been able to get the matter straightened out since. We have however now made arrangement by which we expect to get the story and complete it, we have a positive promise that it will be furnished and we expect to continue it in our next weeks issue and thereafter, shall continue it each week until it is finished. We hope our subscribers will pardon us for this neglect for which others, not us are to blame we shall try in the future to give no cause for complaints at least, in matters so important as this. We have received many letters and postals of inquiry in relation to this matter and have been much worried because of our inability to remedy the trouble at once. We ask subscribers to critcise us freely, if we fail in any point, we want to put out a paper that shall please our patrons and shall endeavor to improve as each week succeeds the other.

Story of a Patent Incubator.

A Philadelphia firm received an order some time ago from Lawyer George Orlady of Huntingdon this State, for a large patent incubator. The automatic hen was duly sent on to the attorney, but the firm wondered greatly what legal use he could put it to. Their curiosity was rendered still more intense when a month later they received word that they could have it back at half price. Orlady has just let the cat out of the bag, or rather the chick out of the egg. "I bought that incubator for my children, he explains. "They were quite interested in poultry at the time. We packed the thing full of eggs and one day there were 146 little chickens running about inside. My children took great delight in the pretty little ones, but it was the source of a great deal of annoyance to our colored servant, Joe, who had to keep a good temperature on. One morning he came to me with a face very nearly pale. 'For the Lawd's sake, Massuh Orlady,' he exclaimed, 'I done forgot and turned de gas on too high last night!' I hastened to the incubator and there was every blessed one of the 146 little chicks with their toes turned up, thoroughly roasted.—Record.

A Former Altoona Journalist Dead.

D. W. Moore, an old time editor and publisher, died at his home in Clearfield, at a few minutes after 2 o'clock Saturday morning after an illness of several weeks. He was born in Bellefonte, July 11, 1815, and was married the 26th of May 1841, to Ellen A. Magee. Seven children survive him together with his wife. He was the editor and proprietor of the Clearfield Republican from 1838 to 1865, and was the last proprietor prior to the present one, Mr. Goodlander. Mr. Moore was known among the newspaper fraternity in Altoona some twenty years ago. He was then the sole proprietor of the Altoona Sun, which he disposed of to the Barclay Bros., and which, under successive firms, was continued up until last Saturday, when its last issue was published, by a coincidence on the same day that Mr. Moore died. The deceased gentleman was a hard worker and a thorough newspaper man, and was possessed of many other excellent traits of character.

—If you have butter or eggs to sell take them to the Eureka Grocery, High st., Bellefonte, and you will receive the highest market price.

Car Works Active.

The Huntington Iron Car Company has just received an order for the manufacture of two hundred wooden hopper cars for the Pennsylvania Railroad company. They are to be made in the latest improved style, and will be provided with the Janney couplers. The works have been at about a standstill for a year or more but have been doing some work lately in replacing cars on different roads.

This order for the Pennsylvnia Railroad company is required to be done as soon as possible, and Superintendent Gardner is engaging a force of 250 men to complete the contract. It is thought that this is only the beginning of the active work that will be done between now and the opening of the World's Fair at Chicago in the building of freight cars, and it is confidently expected that this order will be succeeded by other contracts thus keeping the car works in continuous operation.

—The sportsmen who enjoy trout fishing are growing interested in their tackle now and can be expected to have it ready by the 15th of April.

—If you want to make money call at the Eureka Cash Grocery, High st next door to post-office, Bellefonte.

A MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

L. H. Guthrie Not Dead Although His Family Thought They Buried Him.

One of the most mysterious cases of mistaken identity that has been recorded for a long time is that of the young man killed near Conemaugh on March 24 and who was supposed to have been one L. H. Guthrie. His parents, the Rev. James H. Guthrie and wife, of Pottsville, Pa., went to Johnstown, indentified the remains as those of their son took the body home with them and on Saturday buried it in the Presbyterian cemetery, all the while mourning for the untimely end of their only son.

But now comes the strangest part of the story. On the Monday following the funeral the mother received a letter transcribed in the handwriting of her boy and postmarked Pittsburg, March 26th, two days after the unfortunate young man was supposed to have been killed. On opening the letter it was found that young Guthrie was yet very much alive and was working at his trade in the smoky city and lodging at the Keystone hotel. Word was at once telegraphed to him to come home which he accordingly did arriving there on Wednesday morning. All this time he was ignorant of the fact that he was supposed to have been dead and had been buried by his family on Saturday.

But what a home arriving it must have been. Guthrie gives in explanation of the bible found on the dead young man that on the Monday previous he had lost his bible while walking from Conemaugh to Johnstown. Now, as the question is settled beyond a doubt that the dead man is not Guthrie another question arises, who is he? On appearance he so much resembled Guthrie that his own mother did not know the difference. The only means of an identification is a small diary and account book which was found on the young man's person. In it was no writing only an account of work kept for about six weeks. From it it would appear that the young man had been last employed as "sub" in some city office. Every effort is being put forth to discovers the identify of the unfortunate.

Sleeps a Week at a Time.

The Dubois *Courier* tells of a young lady, Miss Maggie Wolf, living at Mills Haven, Elk county, near Ridgway, who has developed a rather singular propensity for sleeping during the past year. Her last freak in the sleeping line began about five days ago and the efforts of her friends to waken her have been unavailing, except for a few moments at a time. About a year ago, while the young lady was living at Emporium, she slept at one stretch for thirteen days; then she went to Island Run, below Driftwood, and slept three days without intermission; after the latter performance she went to Elk county, and has since been showing the people how to sleep. At different times she has slept from two to three days, and, as above stated, is taking it easy again. She will at times sit erect in a chair and slumber and can only be awakened by a severe shock or yell. When she finishes her sleep she seems all right again and goes on with her work as usual. She is strong and healthy and her desire for long sleeps is a mystery to herself as well as to her friends.

A Few Simple Remedies.

The New York *Ledger* says that hemorrhages from the lungs may be alleviated by placing the patient in bed in a sitting position, and giving teaspoonful doses of salt and vinegar every fifteen minutes. Night sweats may be checked by sponging the body at night with very hot water. To tone up the skin, rub the body briskly in the morning with a bathing towel wrung out of salt water; the salt enters the pores and stimulates the skin to healthful action. The above are cheap and simple remedies and worth giving a trial by all subject to hemorrhages and night sweats.

Will Be in Bellefonte.

Mr. John Hazel, the great cornet virtuoso, of Montoursville, Pa., has been engaged to play with the Marks Military Band, (formerly the Renovo Juvenile Band) of Renovo, Pa. The band will this season give a concert tour and will include in their list of places Bellefonte. The date of their appearance here is April 22nd. They will also be accompanied by Miss Julia Swartz, the wonderful musical prodigy.

A Wood-Chopper's Nerve.

Henry Herbert, a Potter county woodsman, chopped down a tree on Wednesday, which in falling fell upon him He was alone and considerably injured. When he recovered consciousness he saw his axe within reach and went to work with a will to chop off the tree where it lay upon his legs. The work was slow, as the tree was eighteen inches through but he finally freed himself.

Burdette on Easter Eggs.

For one thing, I observe that "Easter eggs" are quite a feature of the festival. Now, when I was a boy we had no such nonsense, says Robert J Burdette in the April *Ladies' Home Journal*. We had "aigs" always. "Easteraigs," usually pronounced in one word. We used to color them with calico; fast colors. A week before Easter somebody would go to the store to buy the calico with which to print the "aigs." "Is this fast colors?" And the clerk would lif his hand to heaven and swear that the deluge couldn't fade one ray of the brightest tint in the figure. After securing his affidavit, we would tie the "aig" up in a bit of that print and boil it. The calico would come out of the ordeal pure, spotless, whiter than snow, and the "aig" would be a thing of beauty in dots and leaves and twigs.

Newspaporial.

On Saturday the Philipsburg Daily *Journal* entered upon the fifth year of its existence. It is now no longer a struggling weakling but an assured reality and we congratulate brother Bair on the success he has made of it.

Last week the Altoona *Times* made its appearance in an enlarged form and looking spic span in a new dress of handsome type. Under its new management the *Times* has improved wonderfully and proves to, in the near future, out-distance all other ventures in Central Pennsylvania journalism.

But the most phenomenal growth of a newspaper published in a small town is that which has attended the Tyrone Daily *Herald*. Only in its sixth year it has shown such a tenacity and gained such a hold on the people of the community in which it circulates that its publisher was obliged to make more room for the accommodation of its patrons and consequently on last Saturday the Herald appeared in an enlarged form and it now can boast of being a large seven column folio, the largest daily printed in any town the size of Tyrone. We wish Brother Jones continued success in his newspaper enterprise.

Forgot His Teeth.

A Bellefonte lawyer, stepped into an Allegheny street restaurant one day last week and said to the black-eyed waiter girl who came to serve him:—

"Bring me a biece of broiled chicken-dark meat."

The order was filled, and as the customer took up his knife and fork to carve off a mouthfull of the succulent remnant of the bird, suddenly paused in his operations and, calling the girl to him whispered something in her ear.

The plate of broiled chicken was taken away, and when the girl returned she brought a bowl of custard. After he had finished his repast and walked out an inquisitive gentleman who had witnessed the somewhat unusnal proceding, said to the black-eyed girl:—

"Was that piece of chicken a little off?"

"No sir, it was all right."

"What was the trouble then?"

He said that he had left his false teeth on his desk at his office and that the chicken was too severe a task for him.

The Press Ordered.

We have ordered the Philadelphia Weekly Press for the following parties, if they do not receive it promptly they will confer a favor of notifying this office at once.

David Harshbarger, Hublersburg; George S. Gray, Stormstown; Benner Waddle, Buffalo Run; Albert Smeltzer, Bellefonte; John Decker, Hublersburg; Mrs. Sarah Thompson, Fillmore; Joseph T. Holter, Howard; John S. Holmes Walker; William T. Beatty, Quinton, McKean Count' Pa. Sallie J. Keller, Boalsburg.

"Dan McGinty's Troubles."

The Davenport *Daily Herald* says the "McGinty's Troubles" company entertained an immense audience at the opera house last night. "McGinty's Troubles" is a musical comedy, written to amuse the public, and the author has undoubtedly met with success. Old, straight-laced, solemn-visaged citizens, seldom known to smile, threw themselves into all sorts of contortions, and whooped and yelled like school boys. A man in the jaws of destruction would be compelled to laugh at "Dan McGinty's Troubles."

Opera house, Friday April 28.

Another Man Killed.

On Monday while shifting cars at Pardee on the Lewisburg railroad a man by the name of Smith, a division empioyee on the road, was almost instantly killed. At this writing we have been unable to glean any of the particulars of this sad occurrence. If this killing business keeps up much longer the Lewisburg road will become an elephant on the hands of the owners, as it will be almost next to impossible to get a man to work on it.

LETTER LIST.

Following are the letters uncalled for in the post-office, Bellefonte, Pa., March 14, 1892:

George Dernor; Mrs Lina Fillmore Catherine E. Gross; Mary Mills; Spanogle & Yeager.

When called for please say advertised.

J. A. FIEDLER, P. M.

COMING AND GOING

Judge Furst held court in Huntingdon this week.

Associate Judge Riley was a visitor in Bellefonte on Wednesday.

John Bauer, departed on Tuesday morning for a week's visit to Philadelphia.

Mr. Mitchell Gardner, of this place, transacted business in Altoona last week.

Miss Alice Sage, of Cincinnati, is visiting at the residence of Mr. John P. Harris, on Linn street

Rev. J. A. Woodcock and family moved into their handsome residence on Linn street last Friday April 1.

Hon. James P. Coburn, of Aaronsburg, and Dr. Theo. S. Christ, of State College, were in town on Wednesday.

Mr. Robert Gardner, of Tyrone, spent Tuesday in Bellefonte, making this office an agreeable call while in town.

Henry Stevens and David Gates, of Halfmoon township, were arrivals in Bellefonte on the morning train Wednesday.

Mr. William C. Patterson, Superintendent of the experimental farm at State College, transacted business in Bellefonte on Tuesday.

Mr. D. P. Solt and family, of Houserville, will in a few days depart for Casstown, Ohio, where they will make their future home.

Mr. A. B. Lucas and family this week moved to Emporium, Cameron county, where he has accepted a position in a large mercantile house.

General D. H. Hastings spent Sunday with his family in this place. During his brief stay he was called upon by many prominent Bellefonters.

It had been said that ex-treasurer Cyrus Goss, was to move to Bellefonte, it is now reported that he has decided to make Centre Hall his future home.

Mr. John T. Laurie, who has for some time past filled a responsible position with the Adams Express company at Johnstown, is now at his home in this place on a few day's vacation.

Among the many callers at this office during the past week were Benjamin Brisbin, of Lemont, and James Turner, of Mt. Eagle. Both are excellent gentlemen and we invite them to call again.

Mrs. D. H. Hastings and her daughter, Miss Helen, arrived home from Philadelphia on last Thursday afternoon, after a sojourn in that city of about two months. She was accompanied by her friend, Miss Lambert, daughter of Col. Lambert, of the Philadelphia *Press.*

Says the Philadelphia *Times*: Judge John Orvis, of Bellefonte, is at the Continental. Judge Orvis is a Centre Democrat who holds a sort of proprietary interest in every Democratic State Convention and expects to be in Harrisburg next week as usual. They speak of him as a Cleveland elector. In late years he has not given active attention to politics, a heavy law practice demanding all his care.

Doings of Council.

At the regular meeting of Borough Council on Monday night only seven members were present. John McDermott presented a complaint because the boardwalks had not been built as recently ordered by council. The matter was referred to the street committee. The reports of the various committees were mostly "progress," which in plainer language, means nothing. High Constable Leander Green reported a bill of 75 cents for burying three cats. An estimate report was presented by tax collector S. D. Ray, showing a balance of only about twelve hundred dollars due on the 1890 duplicate. Augustus Hoover and L. A. Schaeffer appeared to urge that Curtin street be put in a more passable condition. The matter was referred to the street committee. The election of police for the ensuing year was postponed until next meeting night. With the approval of the usual quota of bills council adjourned.

Real Estate and Collecting Agency.

Mr. John C. Miller, late of the firm of Hoover & Miller, coal dealers, has opened a Real Estate and Collection Agency in Room 13, Crider's Exchange. Mr. Miller is an expert accountant and will rent or sell property, open and close book accounts, do collecting or anything in his line. When in need of anything of that kind give him a call.

IS HE YOUR FRIEND?

Is the family doctor your friend? How many unnecessary visits does he make you? How many days does he keep you sick that you ought to be at your work, and so doing how many hard-earned dollars does he extort from you? Would it not be better for you to place your trust in Sulphur Bitters? Try them, they will be a true friend. Saving you a long sickness and a large bill, which you have hitherto paid to some avaricious doctor.—*Editor State Journal.*

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE